

N<sup>o</sup> 30

FUN AND ADVENTURE AT  
WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS

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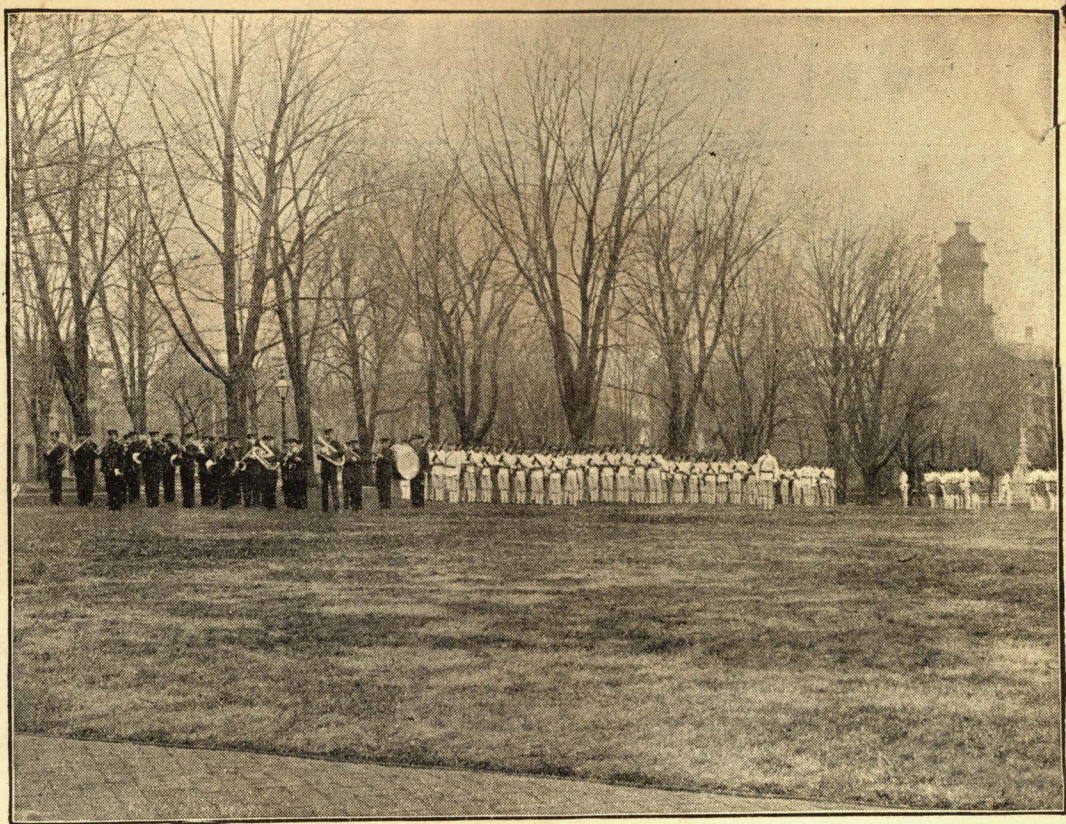
Mark, without a sound, plunged downward.  
( "Defending His Honor ; or, Mark Mallory's Daring," by Lieut. Garrison, U. S. A. Complete in this number )

Vol. 1 }  
No. 30 }

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## THE CADET BATTALION, *UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.*

By JOSEPH COBLENTZ GROFF.

WHILE the institution at Annapolis is distinctly a naval academy, and although the aim is to instruct the cadets, first of all, in subjects relating to seamanship, navigation and gunnery, at the same time it is necessary to include in the course of instruction all the details of the military profession as well as of the naval.

Accordingly the practical work of the cadet includes, among other things, drill at seamanship, construction and handling of engines, practical navigation, navy signalling, handling of guns mounted aboard ship, infantry and artillery tactics, and fencing.

The artillery drill is limited to the use of light naval guns such as can be carried aboard ship and transferred to the shore by landing parties in boats.

The infantry drill, however, is very comprehensive and thorough, and the cadet battalion at Annapolis ranks second to none.

In the fall and spring at least half of the available drill periods are devoted to infantry, and it is a welcome relief to the cadets to lay aside the intricacies of seamanship, which had become monotonous during the summer cruise, and march once more behind the Academy band, whose leader knows well how to please and put life into the cadets' work, through the rendering of attractive marches.

It must be remembered, however, that certain details of the infantry tactics of the navy differ from those of the army. It would therefore be difficult for the Annapolis battalion to compete with one of military organization, provided that certain evolutions were required to be performed according to army tactics.

During the month of May and graduation week in June the cadets give a dress parade every evening at six o'clock, after the other drills of the day have been finished.

This parade attracts even more people to Annapolis than similar parades at West Point attract to that Academy.



# ARMY AND NAVY.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION FOR OUR BOYS.

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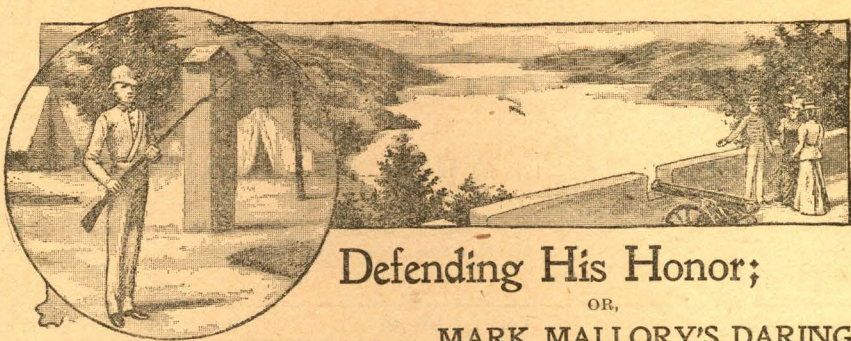
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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN the next number of ARMY AND NAVY will be published the opening chapters of a splendid serial on New York life, entitled "A Diamond in the Rough; or, How Rufus Rodman Won Success," by Arthur Lee Putnam. The popularity of this author is a guarantee of good work, and we feel assured the readers will find this serial one of the best from his pen.





## Defending His Honor;

OR,

MARK MALLORY'S DARING.

By Lieut. Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A CHALLENGE TO BATTLE.

"Hey, there, wake up!"

"Um—um. Don't bother me."

"Durnation! Git up, man——"

"Say, Texas, didn't I tell you I wanted to sleep this hour? Haven't I been awake now two nights in succession helping you haze the yearlings? Now I want to take a nap; and let me alone."

The speaker was lying on a blanket beneath the protection of a roomy tent. Then tent was one of Company A, in the summer camp of the West Point cadets. The speaker wore the uniform of a "plebe," or new cadet; he spoke impatiently, and when he finished he lay down and started to continue his interrupted nap.

But the other, a tall, bronzed-featured lad, also a plebe, was not going to be rebuffed as easily as that. He gave his tent-mate another poke, and brought him to a sitting posture again.

"Say, Texas!" began the latter, angrily.

"Wake up!" repeated "Texas."  
"Ain't you got sense enough, Mark Mallory, to know I'm not pesterin' you fo' nothin'? Git yo' eyes open thar and listen. I got something to tell you. I know you're sleepy—thar ain't no need tellin' me that aire agin. I know you were up night afore last hazin' them durnation ole yearlin's, an' last night, too, 'cause they tied us up an' fired us into a freight train goin' to New York. But

this hyar's more 'portant than sleepin'!"

"What is it?" demanded Mark.

"There's a committee from the first class wants to see you."

"What!"

"Thar, naow! I knew you'd get yo' eyes open," laughed the other triumphantly.

"What do they want?" inquired Mark.

"You know what they want well as I do," responded Texas. "They want you. They want you 'cause you're the most B. J. plebe ever came to West Point, cause you dared to defy 'em, to refuse to be hazed, to lick 'em when they tried it, an' to all 'round raise the biggest rumpus this hyar ole place ever see. That's what!"

"Do you mean," laughed Mark, "that they want me to fight some more?"

"Course they do!" roared Texas. "You durnation old idiot, you! Why ain't yo' up hustlin' fo' the chance? You don't appreciate yo' opportunity, sah. Ef I had the chance to wallop them ole cadets like you've got—durnation! You know what I'd do?"

"I'm not a fire-eating, wild and woolly cowboy hunting for fight," responded Mark.

"That's all right," grinned the other. "You'll do it when the time comes. I never see you run yit when you ought to be fightin', an' neither did them durnation ole cadets. An' say, Mark! There's fun ahead! Whoop! You remember ever since you had the nerve to go to the hop, somethin' no plebe ever dared do afore, them ole firstclass fellers vowed they'd



make you sorry, dog gone their boots! You made 'em madder since by lickin' one of 'em when they dared you to. An' now they're comin' roun' to git square."

"Do you mean they're going to make me fight every man in the class, as they said?" inquired Mark.

"That's jes' what I do!" cried Texas, gleefully. "Jes' exactly! Come out hyer an' see 'em yo'self."

Mark had been making his toilet before the little looking-glass that hung on the tent pole; he turned then and accompanied his friend out of camp and over to Trophy Point, where sat in all stateliness and dignity three solemn looking seniors, a committee from the first class to Mark Mallory, the desperate and defiant and as yet untamed "B. J." plebe. But he wasn't going to remain untamed very long if that committee had anything to do with it.

They rose at his approach.

"Mr. Mallory?" said the spokesman.

Mr. Mallory bowed.

"You come from the first class, I believe," he said. "Let us proceed right to business."

The committee, through its spokesman, cleared its throat with a solemn "Ahem!"

"Mr. Mallory," said he, "I presume you have not forgotten that a short while ago you ventured to defy our class openly. The class has not forgotten it, for such conduct in a plebe cannot be tolerated here. Your conduct ever since you came has been unbearably defiant; you have set at naught every cadet law of the Academy. And therefore, as the class warned you beforehand, you must expect trouble."

Mr. Mallory bowed; he'd had a good deal of it already, he thought to himself.

"The class has been waiting," continued the other, "for you to recover from the effect of a dislocated shoulder, an injury due to another unpleasant—ahem—accident—"

"Or, to be more specific," inserted Mark, very mildly, "due to the fact that I was—er—attacked by some—ahem—fifty members of the first class in a body."

"Not quite so many," said the chair-

man, flushing. "The incident is regretted by the class."

"By me also," said Mark, rubbing his shoulder suggestively.

"It appears," the other continued hurriedly, "that you are now recovered. Therefore, to be brief, the class has sent us to inquire as to your wishes concerning the duty you undertook when you ventured to defy them. You know what I mean. You stand pledged, and you will be compelled to defend yourself before every member of our class in turn until you agree to apologize and become a plebe once more."

The spokesman stopped and Mark answered without hesitation, looking him squarely in the eye.

"Tell the class," said he, "that I am ready to meet any one it may select, to-day if necessary, and in any place they choose. Tell them also if they could manage to select one of those who helped to injure my shoulder I should consider it a favor. Tell them that I have nothing to apologize for; tell them that I renew my defiance, with all possible courtesy, of course; tell them I once more refused to be hazed, and shall refuse even when I am beaten; and——"

Here the excitable ex-cowboy, who had been listening with most evident delight sprang forward with a whoop.

"An' tell 'em," he roared, "dog gone their boots, ef they lick Mark fair or foul they ain't hardly begun what they'll have to do! Tell 'em, sah, there's a gennelman, what never yit run from man or devil, named Jeremiah Powers, sah, son o' the Hon. Scrap Powers, o' Hurricane County, Texas. Tell 'em he's jes' roaring for a scrap, an' that he'll start in whar Mallory quits! An' tell 'em——"

But the committee had turned away and started across the parade ground by that time. The committee didn't consider it necessary to listen to Mr. Jeremiah Powers.

Mark had listened however; and as he took Texas by the hand the excitable Texas saw in his eyes that he appreciated the offer.

"And now," said Mark at last, "if I'm to do some fighting I'd best go back and finish that nap. I'll need to make up for the sleep I've missed."



The adventures of Mark Mallory and of the rest of the Seven Devils, his secret anti-hazing society, during the two nights past have already been described in these pages. The lack of sleep involved began to tell hard on them, for during the day they were worked hard along with the rest of the plebe company.

An important event had happened to that company to-day, one that had made a great change in their lives. A month and a half of drill and discipline, the most rigorous possible, had been judged to have had its effect. And that day the plebes were honored by being put in the cadet battalion.

Previously they had "herded" alone, a separate roll call, separate drills, separate seats in Mess Hall. But now all was changed. The plebe company was broken up, the members each going to their own company in the battalion, to hear their names called with the others at roll call, to march down to meals and sit with them, too. And that afternoon for the first time the plebes were to march on parade, Mark and Texas under the command of Fischer, cadet-captain of Company A.

Concerning Fischer, the high and mighty first classman, it may be well to say a word, for he will figure prominently in this story. Fischer was a member of the first class, and its idol. Tall, handsome and athletic, he made an ideal captain; even the plebes thought that, and strange to say, our B. J. plebes most of all. For Fischer was a fair-minded, gentlemanly fellow and more than once he had interfered to see that Mallory got fair play with his enemies.

He came in that same afternoon to have a word with Mark as to the latest excitement; it was an unusual thing indeed for a cadet captain even to speak to a plebe, but Fischer chose to be different. And, moreover, Mallory had earned for himself many privileges most plebes had never dreamed of.

"I got a letter from your friend, Wicks Merritt," said Fischer. "His furlough is coming to an end. Poor Wicks is very much agitated for fear you'll be hazed out of West Point before he gets here. But I told him there wasn't much danger. I think you'll stick."

"I shall try," laughed Mark, while Texas sat by in awe and gazed at the young officer's chevrons and sash. "I shall try. Have you heard of my engagement—the latest?"

"Yes," answered the other, "I have. That's what I came in for. I don't envy you."

"I don't myself," said the plebe thoughtfully. "I don't like to fight. I'd a thousand times rather not, and I always say no when I can. But I've vowed I wouldn't stand the kind of hazing I got, and I don't mean to so long as I can see."

"I wish you luck," said Fischer. "I've told the men in my own class that, for I haven't forgotten, as they seem to, the time you rescued that girl in the river."

"Do you know who'll be the first man I meet?" inquired the other, changing the subject.

"I do not; the class is busily holding a conclave now to decide who's the best. They'll send their prize bantam the first time, though I doubt if we've a man much better than Billy Williams, the yearling you whipped. Still you've got to be at your best, I want to tell you, and I want you to understand that. When a man's been three years here at West Point, as we have, he's in just about as perfect trim as he ever will be in his life."

"So am I," responded Mark.

"You are not," said Fischer, sharply. "That's just the trouble. I wouldn't be warning you if you were. I've heard of the monkey shines you've been kicking up; Bull Harris, that good-for-nothing yearling, was blowing round that he'd put you on a train for New York. The whole thing is you've been losing sleep."

Mallory tried to pass the matter over lightly, but Fischer was bound to say what he'd come for.

"I suppose it's none of my business," he continued, "but I've tried to see you get fair play. And I want to say this: You rush in to fight those fellows to-day, as they'll try to make you, and you'll regret it. That's all. As challenged party the time is yours to name. If you refuse for a week at least, I'll back you up and see that it's all right, and if you don't you'll wish you had."

Having delivered himself of which sage



counsel the dignified captain rose to go. Perhaps his conscience troubled him a little anyhow that he'd stayed so long in a plebe tent.

He thought of that as he came out and espied three members of his own class coming down the street and looking at him. They hailed him as he passed.

"Hey, Fischer!"

They were three who had been the "committee;" they were a committee still, but for a different purpose. Their purpose was to see Fischer, and when he came toward them, they led him off to one side. The message that committee had to give was brief, but it nearly took Fischer off his feet.

"Fischer," said one, "the fellows have decided about that Mallory business."

"Yes," said Fischer. "What?"

"They've decided that you'll be the man to meet him first."

And the committee wondered what was the matter with Fischer.

— — —

## CHAPTER II.

"I HAVE THE COURAGE TO BE A COWARD."

Something which happened immediately after Fischer left the tent effectually drove from Mark's mind all ideas of fights and first classmen. It was the blessed long-expected signal, a roll upon the drum, the summons to fall in for the evening's dress parade.

And oh, how those plebes were "spruced up," the four members of the Seven Devils who roomed in Mark's tent had taken turns looking over each other in the effort to find a single flaw. A member of the guard trying for colors was never more immaculate than those anxious strangers. Of the many pair of duck trousers allotted to each cadet every pair had been critically inspected so as to get the very whitest. Buttons and belt plates were little mirrors, and every part of guns and equipments shone. When those four "turned out" of their tent they felt that they were worthy of the ceremony.

It was an honor to be in the battalion, even if you were in the rear rank and could see nothing all the time but the stiffly marching backs in front. And it was an honor to have your name called

next to a first classman's on the roll. The cadet officer had known the roll by heart and rattled it off in a breath or two; but now he had to read it slowly, since the new names were stuck in, which bothered him if it did delight the plebes.

It was a grand moment when each plebe answered very solemnly and precisely, to his own; and another grand moment when the cadet band marched down the long line to its place; and another when the cadet adjutant turned the parade over to the charge of the officer in command; and finally, last of all, the climax, when the latter faced about and gave the order, "Forward, march!" when the band struck up a stirring tune and amid waving of flags and of handkerchiefs from hundreds of spectators, the all delighted plebes strode forward on parade at last.

How trembly and nervously he stepped! How gingerly and cautiously he went through the manual of arms! And with what a gasp of relief he finally broke ranks at the sunset gun and realized that actually he had gotten out of it without a blunder!

Then they marched him down to supper. Formerly the plebes had marched dejectedly in the rear and sat over in an obscure corner of the room. That had its advantages, however, for he did not have to pour the water and wait till everybody else was helped, and he was not subject quite so much to the merry badinage of the merciless yearling. On the whole he was rather glad when supper was over and after marching back to camp was dismissed for that day at last.

Mark and his chum, who as we have seen were now interested in nothing quite so much as sleep, or lack of it, made for their tents immediately to go to bed. But once more the fates were against them, for scarcely had they entered the door before another cadet rushed in. It was the excited first captain, and he was in such a hurry that he had not even stopped to remove his sword and sash, the remnants of "parade." He bore the news that the committee had imparted to him; and its effect upon Mallory may be imagined.

"Fight you," he gasped. "For Heaven's sake, man, you're wild."



"I'm as serious as I ever was in my life," replied the other. "The committee from the class told me just before parade."

"What on earth made them select you?"

"I don't know," groaned Fischer. "I had a couple of fights here—I whipped Wright, the man you knocked out the time when the class attacked you so disgracefully. And they seem to think I'd stand the most chance, at least that's what the committee said."

"And what did you tell them?" inquired Mark in alarm.

"Tell them? I haven't told them anything yet. I was too horrified to say a word. I've come over to see you about it. I'm in a terrible fix."

"Well refuse, that's all."

"I can't!"

"But why not?" demanded Mark.

"My dear fellow," protested the other, "you don't understand how the class feels about such things. I'm a member of it, and when I'm called upon to defend the class honor I daren't say no. When you have been here as long as I have you'll understand how the cadets would take it. They'd be simply furious."

"Then do you mean," gasped the other, staring at him in consternation, "that I'm expected to fight you?"

"I don't see what else," responded the captain, reluctantly. "What can I tell the class? If I simply say that I've been rather friendly with you, they'll say I had no business to be. And there you are."

"No business to be," echoed Mark, thoughtfully, gazing into space. "No business to be! Because I'm a plebe, I suppose. And I've got to fight you!"

"What else are we to do," protested the other. "I'm sure I shan't mind if you whip me, which you probably will."

"Whip you!" cried Mark; he had sprung to his feet, his hands clinched. And then without another word he faced about and fell to striding up and down the tent, the other watching him anxiously.

"Mr. Fischer," he demanded suddenly, without looking at the other, "suppose I refuse to fight you?"

"Don't think of it!" cried Fischer in horror.

"Why not?"

"Because you would be sneered at by the whole corps. Because they would call you a coward and insult you as one, cut you dead! You could not stand it one week."

"What else?" inquired Mark, calmly.

"What else! What else could there be! For Heaven's sakes, man, I won't have it! I couldn't make the class understand the reason. You'd be an outcast all the time you were here."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

And Mark turned and gazed at the other, his brown eyes flashing.

"Mr. Fischer," he began, extending his hands to the other, "let me tell you what I have thought of you. You have been the one friend I have had in this Academy outside of my own class; you have been the one man who has had the fairness to give me my rights, the courage to speak for me. I have not always taken your advice, but I have always respected you and admired you. And more than that, I owe my presence here to you."

Mark paused a moment, while his thoughts went back to the time.

"I had enemies," he continued at last, slowly, "and they had me in their power. They had persuaded the superintendent that I was a criminal, and I looked for nothing but disgrace. And it was you, then, and you only of all the cadets of this Academy, who had honor and the courage to help Texas prove my innocence. And that debt of gratitude is written where it can never be effaced. My debt to you! And now they want me to fight you!"

The captain shifted uneasily.

"My dear fellow," he began, "I can stand it."

"It is not for you to stand," said Mark. "It is for me. It is I who owe the debt, and I shall not pay it with blows. Mr. Fischer, I shall not fight you."

"But what will you do. You will be reviled and insulted as a coward."

"Yes," said Mark, firmly; "I will. But as I once told Texas, there are a few



things worse than being called a coward, and one of them is being one."

"I know," protested Fischer. "But then——"

"There are times," Mark continued, without heeding him, "times I say, when to fight is wrong."

"Yes!" cried the other. "This is one."

"It is," said Mark. "And at such times it takes more courage not to fight than to fight. When an army goes out to battle for the wrong the brave man stays at home. That is a time when it takes courage to be a coward. And Mr. Fischer——"

Mark took the other by the hand and met his gaze.

"Mr. Fischer, I have the courage to be a coward."

There was silence after that, except for a muttered "Durnation!" from Texas. Mark had said his say, and Fischer could think of nothing.

"Mr. Mallory," he demanded at last, "suppose you let me do the refusing?"

"It would be best for me to do it," said Mark with decision. "Disgrace would be unbearable for you. You have your duty to your class; I have no duty to any one but myself. And moreover, I am a plebe, cut by everybody already and pledged to fight every one. To fight them a few times more will not hurt. And I really like to defy them. So just leave it to me."

That was the end of the talk. Fischer sat and looked at Mark a few moments more, feeling an admiration he did not try to express. But when he rose to go the admiration was in the grip of his hand.

"Mr. Mallory," he said. "You do not realize what you attempt. But you may rest assured of one thing. I shall never forget this, never as long as I live. Good-night."

And as the captain's figure strode up the street Mark turned and put his hands on Texas' shoulders.

"Old fellow," said he, "and have you any courage?"

"Durnation!" protested Texas, solemnly, "I'll fight——"

"I don't mean that kind of courage," said Mark. "I mean courage of the eye, and the heart. Courage of the mind that

knows it's right and cares for nothing else. I mean the courage to be called a coward."

"I dunno," stammered Texas, looking uneasy. Poor Texas had never thought of that kind of courage. "I ain't very sho'," he said, "'bout lettin' anybody call me a coward."

"That is what I mean to do," said Mark. "I mean to let them call it, and look them in the eye and laugh. And we'll see what comes of it. I won't fight Fischer and they can't make me. The more they taunt me, the better I'll like it. When they get through perhaps I'll get a chance to show them how much of a coward I am."

With which resolution Mark Mallory turned away and prepared for bed.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MARK MALLORY THE COWARD.

The taunting of which Mark spoke with such grim and quiet determination was soon to begin; in fact he was not destined to lie down for that night of rest without a taste of it. He had barely removed the weight of uniform jacket with its collar fastened inside before he heard a sound of voices near his tent.

He recognized them instantly; it was the "committee," and a moment later in response to his invitation the three first classmen entered, bowing most courteously as usual.

"Mr. Mallory," said the spokesman, "I have come, if you will pardon my disturbing you, to deliver to you the decision of our class."

"Yes," said Mark, simply. "Well?"

It was evident that Fischer had not seen them, and that they suspected nothing. A storm was brewing. Mark gritted his teeth.

"It might just as well come now as any time," he thought. "Steady!"

"The class will send a man to meet you this evening in Fort Clinton," said the cadet.

"Ah," responded Mark. "Thank you. And who is the man?"

"He is the captain of your company, Mr. Fischer. And that is about all, I believe."

"It is not all," observed Mark, very quietly; and then as the other turned in



surprise he clinched his fists. "I refuse to fight Mr. Fischer," he said.

"Refuse to fight him?"

The three gasped it all at once, in a tone of amazement that cannot be shown on paper.

"And pray," added the spokesman, "why do you refuse to fight Mr. Fischer?"

"My reasons," said Mark, "are my own. I never try to justify my conduct to others. I simply refuse to fight Mr. Fischer. I'll fight any other man you send."

"You'll fight no one else!" snapped the cadet. "Mr. Fischer is the choice of the class. If you refuse to meet him, and give no reason, it can only be because——"

"Because you know he's too good a man for you!" put in one of the others. "Because you're afraid of him!"

Mark never winced at that; he gave the man a look straight in the eye.

"There are some people," he said, "I am not afraid of. I am not afraid of you."

The cadet's face turned scarlet and he clinched his fists angrily.

"You shall pay for that," he cried. "You——"

But the spokesman of the committee seized him and forced him back.

"Shut up, old man," he exclaimed. "Don't you see what he's trying to do. He's afraid of Fischer and he's trying to force a fight with some one else. He's a dirty coward, so let him alone."

Mark heard that plainly, but he never moved a muscle. It was too much for our tinder-box Texan, however; Texas had been perspiring like a man in a torture chamber during this ordeal, and just then he leaped forward with a yell.

"You durnation ole white-faced coyote, you, dog gone your boots, I'll——"

"Texas!" said Mark, in his quiet way.

And Texas shut up like an angry oyster and went back into the corner.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mark, "I think our interview is at an end. You understand my point. And that is all."

"And as for you," retorted the other. "Do you understand your position? You will be branded by the cadets as a coward. You will fight Fischer as sure as the class

can make you. And you will fight no one else either until you fight him."

Mark bowed.

"And you'll allow me to express my opinion of you right here," snapped the insulted one who was going to fight a moment ago. "You needn't get angry about it, either, because you've no redress till you fight Fischer. You're a coward, sir! Your whole conduct since you came here has been one vulgar attempt to put up a bluff with nothing to back it. And you lack the first instincts of a gentleman, most of all, sir, because you'll swallow such insults from me instead of fighting, and taking the licking you've earned. You can't fight me till you've fought Fischer."

"Can't, hey! Durnation, d'you think I'm a-goin to stan' sich——"

"Texas!"

And once more there was quiet, at the end of which the indignant committee faced about without a word and marched out in disgust.

"He's not worth fooling with," said the spokesman audibly. "He's a coward."

After which Mark turned to Texas and smiled.

"That was the first dose, old man," said he. "How did you like it?"

From Texas's face he liked it about as well as a mouthful of quinine, and if Texas hadn't been very, very sleepy he would probably have lain awake all night growling like an irate volcano and wondering how in durnation Mark could snore away so happily while such things were happening.

Though Mark slept, there were no end of others who didn't sleep on account of him. The committee just as soon as they had gotten outside had rushed off to tell the story of "Mallory's flunk," and pretty soon there were groups of first classmen and yearlings standing about the camp indignantly discussing the state of affairs. There were various opinions and theories but only one conclusion:

That plebe Mallory's a coward!

Fischer was not there to gainsay it, he being absent on duty, and so the cadets had no one to shed any light on the matter, which they continued to rave about right up to the time for tattoo. The first



class was so worked up over it that there was an impromptu meeting gathered to discuss it just outside of the camp.

The angry mob was reduced to an orderly meeting a little later by the president of the class, who appeared on the scene and called the cadets to order to discuss ways and means of "swamping Mallory." For every one agreed that something ought to be done that very night. As has been stated, they never

But Mark had not the least idea of what was coming, and he went back to his tent and fell asleep again in no time.

It is an old, old story, an old, old incident. To tell it again would weary the reader. That night a dozen men, chosen by the class for their powerful build, instead of going to sleep when taps sounded lay awake and waited till the camp got quiet. They waited till the tac. had gone the rounds with his lantern, and then to



MARK, WITHOUT A SOUND, PLUNGED DOWNWARD (page 1405).

dispersed until the very moment of tattoo; by that time they had their campaign mapped out. It was a very unpleasant programme for poor Mark.

He had to dress and turn out, of course, at tattoo to answer to his name before he retired for the night. Not a word was said to him then; yet he could see by the angry looks and frowns he met with that the story of his conduct was abroad.

his tent for the night. They waited till the sentry's call had been heard for the fourth time since taps.

"Twelve o'clock and all's we-ell!"

Then they got up and dressed once more and stole silently out into the darkness of the night. Outside in the company street they met and had a whispered consultation, then surrounded a certain "plebe hotel" and finally stole away in



triumph, bearing four helpless plebes along with them. A while later they had passed the sentry and had their victims bound and gagged, lying in a lonely corner of old Fort Clinton.

The cadets thought four would be enough that night. They meant to give those plebes the worst licking they had ever had in their lives. That would be a pretty severe one, especially for Mallory, who had been roughly handled before. But the first classmen had agreed among themselves that there was no call for mercy here.

The reader may be perhaps wish to be spared the details of the preparation. Suffice it to say that those heavily bound unfortunates were stretched out upon the ground, that their backs were bared, and then that the four brawniest of the desperate cadets took four pieces of rope in their hands and stepped forward. It was estimated that when they stepped back those four plebes would be in a more docile mood than previously.

A dead silence had fallen upon the group; it had increased in numbers every moment, for other cadets had stolen out to see what was being done. And just then every one of them was leaning forward anxiously, staring at Mallory, for nobody cared anything much about the other three, whether they were attended to or not. It was Mallory, the coward against whom all the hatred was, Mallory whom the biggest man had been deputed to attend to. All the other "executioners" were waiting, leaning forward anxiously to see how Mallory took it.

The cadet who held the rope seized it in a firm grip, and swung it about his head. A moment later it came down through the air with a whirr. It struck the white flesh of the helpless plebe with a thud that made the crowd shudder. A broad red streak seemed to leap into view, and the victim quivered all over. The cadet raised the lash once more and once more brought it down; and again an instant later.

The end of it came soon, fortunately; and it came without waiting the wish of the "hazers."

Once before that game had been tried on Mallory, then by the infuriated yearlings. An alarm from camp had inter-

rupted it at an earlier stage. And that happened again. This time there broke upon the stillness of the midnight air the sharp report of a gun. It came from nearby, too, and it brought no end of confusion with it, confusion that will be told of later.

As to the hazers, they glanced at each other in consternation. That gun would awaken the camp! And they would be discovered! There was not a second to lose!

In a trice the four plebes were cut loose, left to get back to their tent as best they could; and a few moments later a mob of hurrying figures dashed past the sentry and into Camp McPherson, which they found in an uproar. The hazing of Mallory was over for that night beyond a doubt.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A TEST OF COURAGE

The story of the sacred geese that saved the city of Rome is known to every school boy. Not so long ago the classic Parson, of the Seven Devils, told of a spider who saved the life of Bruce the Scot, by building a web over the entrance of the log he hid in. As life savers dogs and even horses are famous, too, but it is left to the historian of these pages to tell of how a rescue was effected by a mouse.

Perhaps you think to be told it was a mouse who fired that gun and saved Mark. Well, in a sense it was true.

The mouse who is our hero lived in the West Point hotel, situated a very short way beyond the camp. And the tale of his deed, unlike the mouse's tail, is a very short one. It was simply that some one left a box of matches upon a table in the kitchen, and that the mouse got after those matches. There you have it.

Some of them fell to the floor and the mouse went after them. He bit one, after the fashion of inquisitive mice; then, scared at the result, turned and scampered off in haste. Inquisitive persons sometimes make no end of trouble.

There was a piece of paper near the match, and then more paper, and the leg of the table. There was also plenty of time and no one to interfere. Every one



who was in that building except the clerks and the watchman in the office, was sleeping soundly by that time of night, and so the small crackling fire was in no hurry. It crept up the leg of the table, its bright forked tongues dancing about gaily as it did so. Then it leaped over to a curtain at the window, and then still more swiftly to the window frame, and still there was no one to see it.

Quietly at rest in that hotel, and unsuspecting, were some dozens of guests, one that interests us above all others. Grace Fuller was her name; and Grace Fuller needs no introduction here. She was the belle of West Point, the "angel" of the Seven Devils, their ally against all comers, and Mark's truest and dearest friend. Her room was on the top floor of the hotel, and in the corner of the building that was fast getting warm and choking.

It is a horrible thing, the progress of a fire through the still watches of the night. Creeping ahead and crackling it goes, so slowly and yet with such deadly and inevitable purpose. It has been called a devouring fiend; it has greedy tongues that steal on and lick up everything, and grow hungrier and more savage as they feed. And it breathes forth volumes of deep black poison that stupefy its victims till it comes to seize them.

The unguarded kitchen of the hotel was soon a roaring furnace, and then the fire crept out into the hall, and as the glass of the windows cracked and a rush of fresh air fanned in, the flames leaped up the stair-case as if it had been the chimney and then spread through the parlor, and on upward, farther and farther still. And how were people to get down those stairs if they did not hurry about it?

The people were not thinking of that; they were not even beginning to have bad dreams until the smoke got just a little thicker, until the halls outside got just a little hotter, until the fire had moved on from the basement to the ground floor, and from the ground floor to the next above. And even then they were not destined to discover it. That task was left to some one else.

It was a sentry, a sentry of the regular army, facing the walk called Professor's

Row. That sentry had no business to leave his post, but he did it none the less, and dashed across the street to look, as he caught sight of that unusual glare from the windows of the old hotel. An instant later he had swung up his musket to his shoulder, snapped back the trigger, and then came the roar of the gun that the startled cadets had heard from the deep recesses of the fort.

The sentry, the instant he had fired, lowered the gun, snapped out the cartridge, and slid in another to fire again. Before the camp had gotten its eyes open a third report had come also, the dreaded signal of fire. The sentry had done his duty then, and he set out once more to march back and forth upon his post.

The wild excitement that ensued it is impossible to picture; everything in camp was moving and shouting at once. Lieutenant Allen, the tac of Company A, on duty for the night, had leaped from his bed at the first bang and from his tent at the second. His yell for the drum orderly brought that youngster out flying, and the third report of the gun was echoed by a rattle of drums that seemed never to stop. It was the dreaded "long roll."

Cadets sleep in their underclothing, like firemen, ready for just such an emergency as this. They were springing into their clothing before they were entirely awake, and rushing out to form in the company street before they were half in their clothing. Those who had been into Fort Clinton were the first in line, and as the others followed they heard the cadet adjutant rattling through the list of names and Lieutenant Allen shouting orders as if trying to drown the other's mighty voice. And above it all rang shrieks and cries from the now awakened inmates of the building, the glare of the fire shining through the trees.

It was the matter of but a minute or two for the company fire battalion to be out and ready for duty. But at such times as these seconds grow to hours. Fischer, out of his tent among the first, and quick to think, spoke a few words to the lieutenant and at his nod dashed on ahead with the cadets from the guard tent at his heels. And it is Fischer we must follow now.

Things were happening with frightful



rapidity just then. Fischer and his little command when they got there found that fully half the occupants of the place had managed to get out already. They had gotten a ladder and were raising it to the piazza roof. Up that ladder the cadets rushed, and then raised it after them and put it up to the next floor and sped on. Into the smoke laden rooms they dashed and through the glaring flames in the halls, pausing at nothing, hearing nothing but the ringing commands of their leader. There was work for the members of the guard detail that night, and glory for Fischer.

They were still at work helping women and children out when the battalion put into appearance, coming on the double quick with a cheer of encouragement. They bore buckets and more ladders, and behind them, still faster, clattered the members of the cavalry company of the post. The two bodies reached the scene at about the same instant, and each went to work with a will.

The white uniforms of the cadets shone in the yellow glare of the flames; there were some pale faces staring into that light and some trembling knees. But there was no trembling or hesitating among the officers in command. They had the pumps working, and long lines of bucket passers formed in no time. And there were ladders at the windows and details of cadets searching the smoke laden rooms.

The work of rescue was nearly over, however, by the time the battalion got there, thanks to the fearless efforts of the first captain's prompt little band. Fischer had thought all were out, and had settled down to emptying water on the flames, when the alarm we have to do with was given.

It came from a white-haired figure, an old gentleman, who rushed up breathless and panting to the scene. Every one recognized him and started in horror as they heard his cry. It was Judge Fuller.

"My daughter! My daughter!" he shrieked. "Oh, save her!"

He rushed to one of the ladders, about to spring into the very centre of the flames. Several of the cadets forced him back and at the same instant a ringing

cheer broke from the whole battalion. It was Fischer once more; he had been standing on the roof when he heard the cry and like a flash he had turned and bounded in at the window. He was lost then to view, swallowed up in the smoke and flames. And scarcely breathing the crowd outside stood and stared at the windows and waited.

Perhaps you are asking what of Mark, with Grace Fuller, the joy of his life, in peril. Mark was down in the long line, passing buckets like any dutiful plebe. He had heard Judge Fuller's terrible warning, and had been quick to spring forward. But the watchful "tac" had had his eye on Mark, knowing his friendship for the girl. Lieutenant Allen did not mean to have his lines broken up in that way; there were others to attend to that rescue, and he ordered Mallory back to his place with a stern command that Mallory dared not disobey. Now he was standing like a warrior in chains amid the battle's roar, watching with the rest and trembling with horror and dread.

What if Fischer should fail—be beaten back? What if smoke should overcome him, and he should sink where he was? What if Grace Fuller—

And then, oh, how he did gasp for joy! And what a perfect roar of triumph rose from the anxious crowd. There was the gallant captain, smoke stained and staggering, standing in a window on the top floor, holding in his arms a figure white as snow. The girl was safe!

But how was she to get down?

That was the dreadful thought that flashed over the trembling cadets. They stood irresolute, and so did the cadet in the window, hesitating at times when a second might mean the difference between life and death.

And yet who could advise him? The girl's waving hair and dress would catch at the slightest flame; to try the roaring staircase was suicide. Then should he drop her? The crowd shuddered to think of that, yet what else could he do? There was no ladder to reach half way. He must! He was going to!

Picture the state of Mark Mallory's mind at that moment. Himself helpless, watching Fischer preparing for that horrible deed. He saw the cadet drag a half-



blazing mattress from one of the rooms, laying it on the roof below. He heard the agonized shriek of the girl's father, he pictured that lovely figure perhaps dying, certainly maimed for life. He saw Fischer passing the body through the window, his figure wreathed in smoke, with a setting of fire behind. And then with a shout that was a perfect roar of command, Mark Mallory leaped forward. "Stop! Stop!"

A thousand tacs could not hold him then; he was like a wild man. He saw a chance, a chance that no one dared. But he—what was he, compared with perfection, Grace Fuller?

He fairly tore a path up the ladder.

He paused but an instant on the roof of the piazza, to shout to Fischer, then seized in his hand a rope that some were vainly trying to toss up to the window. That rope Mark took in his teeth; ran his eye up the long rainspout on the wall; and an instant later gave a spring.

"Take care!" shouted one of the cadets, who saw his purpose. "It's hot!"

Hot? It burned his hands to the bone, but what did Mark care? Again and again he seized it, again and again with his mighty arms he jerked himself upward, gripping the pipe between his knees, gripping the rope like death, higher and higher!

How the crowd gasped and trembled! He reached the first floor, half way. He might have climbed that on a ladder, if he had only thought. But it was too late now. On! on! The smoke curled about him and choked him, hid him from view; bright flames leaped out from the seething windows and enveloped him.

"His clothes are afire!" shouted one. "Oh, Heavens!"

Out of the smoke he came. Tongues of fire were starting at his trousers, at the end of his coat, getting larger, climbing higher, upon him. And still on he went, his flesh raw, his lungs hot and dry, his strength failing him. And ever about was the fluttering of white, a signal of distress that nerved him to clutch the burning iron yet once again.

Fischer was leaning from the window, straining every nerve, almost hanging by his knees, with outstretched hands. Mallory was climbing, fainting, almost un-

conscious, still gazing up and gasping. And the crowd could not make a move.

And then an instant later it was over. They saw Fischer give a sudden convulsive clutch beneath him; they saw the gallant plebe totter and sway, cling an instant more, and then without uttering a sound plunge downward like a flaming shot and strike with a thud upon the mattress below. But Fischer held the rope!

## CHAPTER V.

### THE FRUITS OF VICTORY.

Grace Fuller was safe then and everybody knew it. But somehow that crowd did not give a single cheer; in fact, every one seemed to have forgotten that she and Fischer were there, and all made a rush for Mallory.

Fischer fastened the rope inside the building, wrapped it about his wrist, took the unconscious figure in his one free arm, and slid swiftly down to safety, just in time to see the flames that threatened Mallory extinguished by the cadets. Grace Fuller was unconscious, so she knew nothing of this, but Fischer did, and he staggered over toward the gallant plebe.

"How is he?" he cried. "How is he? Don't tell me he's——"

Fischer hated to say the word, but as he stared at the motionless figure he feared that it was true, that Mallory had given his life for his friends.

A surgeon was at his side an instant later, bending over the prostrate form—Mallory was unconscious and nearly dead from exhaustion and pain alone. His legs were burned to a blister, his hands were a sight to make one sick. As to the fall, who could say? The surgeon shook his head sadly as he got up and called for a stretcher to carry the lad down to the hospital.

That incident once past the battalion turned its energies to extinguishing the flames. But they were listless and careless energies for some reason. There seemed to be something on the battalion's mind.

A guilty conscience is a poor companion for any work. And the thought of Mallory and what he had done and what



they had done to him, gave the cadets a very guilty conscience indeed.

Those who had taken part in that beating were the most worried and unhappy of all, for they had done something they might never be able to atone for. They seemed to hear those words of Mallory's—and they thought of how true they had come—"Some day I may have a chance to show you how much of a coward I am."

They got the fire out entirely in an hour or two, and then sadly the corps marched back to the silent camp. There was a noticeable lack of satisfaction one might have expected to see after the weary task was so creditably performed. The thought of Mallory was a weight of lead upon the heart of every one. That plebe had suddenly become the one object of all the hopes and prayers of the corps.

Groups of silent lads gathered about the tents, conversing in low and subdued whispers when they said anything at all. The picture of Mallory's figure clinging to the side of that burning house was before their eyes every moment. Fischer had told them the story of Mallory's reasons for daring their wrath, and his news put the plebe's action in quite a different light. It made the cadets yet more remorseful for their cruelty.

George Elliot has remarked that "when Death, the great Reconciler comes, it is not our leniency, but our harshness we repent of."

The drum sounded taps a few minutes later for the second time that night. The cadets scattered silently to their tents, realizing that they would have to wait until the morrow to get tidings of poor Mallory's fate.

It seemed, however, that West Point's interest in the matter was so great that even military rules could not stand before it. The cadets had scarcely fallen asleep again, before several members of the guard went from tent to tent with the glad tidings from the hospital that Cadet Mallory and Miss Grace Fuller were conscious and would surely recover. And the news was sent by order of Lieutenant Allen himself.

above Mark Mallory was lying upon a bed in the cadet hospital. We would scarcely have known Mark, to look at him; his face was pale and his arm trembled when he moved it. But Mark was happy for all that.

He was reaping the fruits of his bravery, then. He was still in pain, it is true; any one who has ever blistered one's finger with fire may be able to imagine the feelings Mark got from those two bandaged hands of his. But he had forgotten all about that for a time.

The reason for that is not far to seek. The sunlight as it streamed into that room was reflected from a wealth of golden hair that in turn lit up Mark's pale features. It was Grace Fuller who was sitting by his bedside; and Grace Fuller was trying to thank him for what he had done for her.

Her tone was low and earnest as she spoke:

"Mark," she said—"I have never called you Mark before, but I will now, if you will let me—the debt I owe to you I can never repay; but if true friendship is anything you may have that. That is all I can give."

Mark answered nothing; but he gazed at the girl earnestly.

"This is the second time," continued she, "that you have been in this hospital for me. I do not know what others think of it, but I know that I shall never forget it as long as I live."

Concerning what others thought, Grace was very speedily to learn. It is necessary to interrupt her thankful words, for just then an unpoetic attendant came into the room.

"Mr. Mallory," said he, "there are some cadets outside who want to see you. The surgeon says they may——"

"Send them in," said Mark, weakly. And then he added to Grace, with a faint attempt at a smile: "I wonder if they want me to fight."

Grace said nothing to that, but her eyes flashed for a moment. She had heard the story of how the cadets had treated Mark, and she had made up her mind that if they had anything more to say about cowardice she was going to take a hand. Grace Fuller had her own ideas on the subject of cowards.

Two days after the incidents narrated



The cadets entered the room a moment later, and when Mark glanced at them he started with no little surprise. It was the committee from the first class, the same committee that had been taunting him a few days previously.

"Well, gentlemen?" said Mark, inquiringly.

Evidently the cadets had an embarrassing task before them. They had sidled into the room rather awkwardly, all the more so when they espied Grace Fuller's beautiful face, which was all the more beautiful for its present paleness.

Once in the room they had backed up against the wall, eyeing the two uneasily.

"Ahem!" said the spokesman.

"Well?" inquired Mark again.

By way of answer the spokesman took from beneath his jacket a folded paper. This he opened before him with some solemnity.

"Mr. Mallory," he began—"ahem! I have been appointed, together with my two classmates here, to—er—convey to you the following notice from the first class."

Here the spokesman stopped abruptly and shifted uneasily. Mark bowed, as well as he could under the circumstances.

"This letter," continued the cadet, "is from the president of the class. Listen, please:

" 'Cadet Mallory, West Point—

" 'Dear Sir: As president of the first class of the corps of cadets I have the duty and pleasure of submitting to you the following set of resolutions adopted unanimously by the class at a meeting held this morning.

" 'Respectfully Yours,

"George T. Fischer,

" 'Cadet Captain, Company A.' "

After that imposing document the spokesman paused for breath. Mark waited in silence. When the cadet thought that there had been suspense enough for so important an occasion he raised the paper and continued:

" 'Whereas—

" 'Cadet Mallory of the Fourth Class

has performed before the whole Academy an act of heroism and self-sacrifice which merits immediate and signal recognition.

" 'Resolved—

" 'That the class hereby desires, both as a class and as individuals, to offer to Cadet Mallory their sincere apology for all offensive remarks addressed to him under any circumstances whatsoever.

" 'That the class hereby expresses the greatest regret for all attacks made by it upon Cadet Mallory.

" 'That the class hereby extends to Cadet Mallory its assurance of respect.

" 'And that the president of the class be requested to forward a copy of these resolutions to Cadet Mallory at once.' "

At the close of this most imposing document the young cadet folded the paper and put it away, then gazed at Mark with a what-more-do-you-want? sort of an air. As for Mark, he was lying back on his pillow gazing into space and thinking.

"That's pretty decent," he observed, meditatively; then he raised himself up and gazed at the three quizzically.

"Tell the first class," said he, "that I cannot make much of a speech, but that I accept their apology with the same sincerity it's given. I thank them for their regards, and also for having released me from my fighting obligation. And now," he added, "since this appears to be a time of mutual brotherly love, concession and reciprocity, I don't mind taking a share myself. Tell the class that it's very probable that when I join them again——"

Here Mark paused in order to let his important announcement have due weight.

"I'll try to be a little less B. J. Good-afternoon."

Which was the end of the feud between Mark Mallory and the first class cadets.

[THE END.]

The next West Point novelette will be entitled "Mark Mallory's Circus; or, West Point Plebes on a Lark," by Lieutenant Frederick Garrison, U. S. A. Army and Navy No. 31.





## Clif Faraday's Disguise ;

or,

FACING DESPERATE FOES.

By Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.

### CHAPTER I.

#### AN ACT OF MUTINY.

"Mr. Asaki!"

"Yes, sir."

"Stand at attention when I address you."

"Yes, sir."

"Little fingers touching the seams of your trousers."

"Yes, sir."

"Palms to the front."

"Yes, sir."

"That's it. How long have you been in the service?"

"Yes, sir."

"What! How dare——"

"Me make mistake, sir. Me been in service three months, seventeen days and four hours, sir. Yes, sir."

Cadet-corporal Sharpe, instructing a squad of new fourth classmen on the forecastle of the United States practice ship Monongahela, glared at the speaker.

"Stop that 'sir' business, will you?" he snarled. "You are too confounded fresh. So you have been in the service over three months, eh? And you don't know how to speak to an officer? It takes you Japs a long time to learn anything."

The cadet he was addressing, a dark featured youth with an unmistakably Japanese countenance, flushed at the insult, and an angry gleam shot from his eyes.

A well-built, handsome lad standing next to him whispered:

"Steady, Trolley, steady."

"But, Clif——"

"Sh-h! grin and bear it old man. He's

trying to make you commit yourself, then he'll soak you. Don't answer him."

It was a difficult task for the hot-headed impulsive Oriental to restrain himself, but Clif Faraday's advice influenced him, and he remained silent.

The cadet instructor strutted up and down in front of the line of plebes feeling as important as an admiral at a naval review.

It was a delicious task, this deviling of new fourth classmen, and he revelled in it. Once before on just such an occasion, when the Monongahela was outward bound on her practice cruise, he had baited these plebes, and it had resulted rather disastrously to him.\* But the lesson was forgotten.

Now, full of the pride of his position, and exulting in the meanness of his nature at the opportunity thus offered to oppress his natural enemies, the plebes, he proceeded to torture them. Motohiko Asaki, or "Trolley," as he was called, was his present victim.

"Let's see what you know about ropes," he snapped. "How do you make a sea gasket?"

"A sea gasket him make this way," began Trolley patiently.

"Talk United States, not that gibberish," interrupted Corporal Sharpe. "Are you tongue-tied? Now what's a sea gasket?"

"A piece of plat to fasten sails to yard while no using them."

"Humph! it's a wonder you knew. How do you make it?"

\* Clif Faraday; Hero; or, A Risk for a Friend," Army and Navy No. 17.



"You make him——"

"It, you fool, it!"

Two round red spots began to show in Trolley's face. Clif noticed them and nudged him warningly.

"You make it by taking three or four foxes——"

Sharpe whirled around toward Faraday.

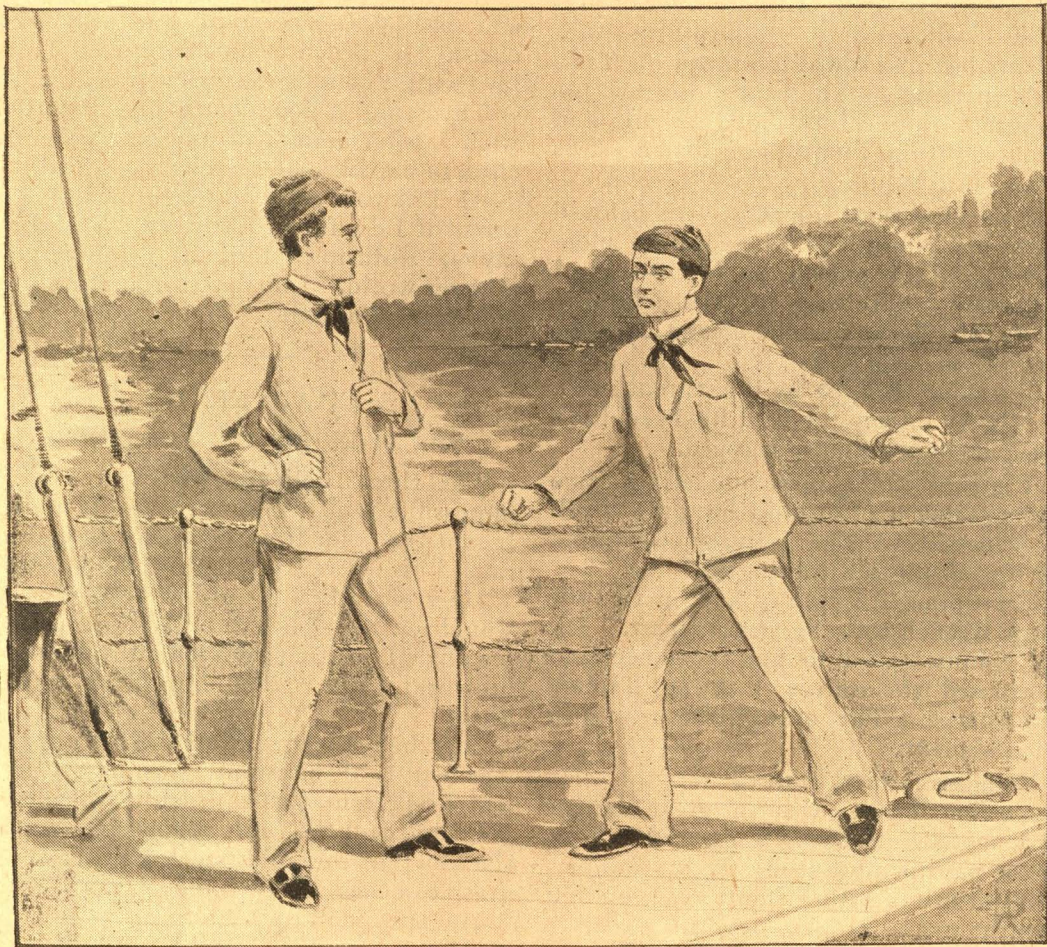
"What are foxes?" he asked quickly.

"An animal of the genus *Vulpes*," re-

"You think you are smart, don't you? I'll take the smartness out of you. A fox is not an animal in this case. I believe you are trying to evade the question. Tell me this instant what a fox in seamanship is?"

The cadet-corporal reckoned without his host if he thought to catch Clif. The latter was well up in sea terms.

"It's a small strand of rope made by



"I NO SCARED OF ANY BOY OR ANY MAN," CRIED TROLLEY, PROUDLY (page 1412).

plied Clif, glibly. "It burrows in the earth, is remarkable for its cunning, and has its counterpart among some men and boys who think they are foxy, but——"

"Shut up," roared the cadet corporal. "What do you mean by replying in that manner?"

"You asked me what a fox is, and I told you, sir," explained Clif, innocently.

twisting several rope yarns together," he drawled.

"It's use?"

"For making seizings or mats."

Sharpe was disappointed. He asked questions rapidly, but received replies equally quick.

At last he turned with a surly growl to his first victim.



"What's a cable-laid rope? How is it made? What is it used for? Quick! Don't stand with your mouth open. This isn't fly catching time," he rattled.

Trolley hesitated. In an instant the cadet corporal's note book was out of his pocket.

"Down you go on the report," he snarled. "Unable to describe a cable-laid rope. Never saw such ignorance. An American wouldn't be so dumb. No wonder it took you Japs a thousand years to become civilized. You are a set of pig-tailed——"

This last insult was too much for Trolley's patience. To hear his race so maligned caused his blood to boil; and all the fighting instincts of his ancestors flashed into being.

A warning word from Clif—his beloved friend and chum whom he admired more than any other person on earth—passed unheeded. Throwing off the detaining hands of the others, he leaped forward like a tiger.

Clutching Sharpe by the throat with his sinewy fingers, he bent his head back until the bones almost snapped.

A string of Japanese expletives came hissing from his lips, and he grew black with passion. The jolly, good-natured lad was absolutely transfigured.

Clif sprang forward, and with one quick wrench tore the twain apart. Joy and Nanny leaped to his assistance and interposed themselves between Trolley and Sharpe. The other plebes gaped in astonishment.

Faraday's mind worked rapidly. He knew that Trolley was in great danger of dismissal. Striking a superior officer in the navy is a grave crime, and the perpetrator meets with instant and condign punishment.

In Trolley's case there was something more than dismissal. He had been sent to the Naval Academy by permission of the United States, at the urgent request of Japan. To him it would mean bitter disgrace.

The situation was critical. No mercy could be expected of Sharpe. It would be useless to appeal to him. A bold stroke was needed; and to Clif there came an idea which, though desperate, yet held some hope of success.

He was still holding Trolley. Bending over he hurriedly whispered in his ear:

"We must keep him from reporting this. If he tells the old man you'll get your dismissal. There's only one chance. You must scare him into silence. He's afraid of you anyhow. Threaten to—to kill him. Anything so you frighten him. Quick; try it. I'll do what I can."

Trolley grasped the situation at once. He felt the truth of Clif's advice, and he resolved to act upon it.

All this had taken only a few seconds and the cadet corporal was still half dazed. He turned to hurry aft when Trolley, with a bound, was at his side.

Thrusting a face black and distorted with passion half real and half assumed close to his face, he grated:

"I kill you yet, you dog. I cut you throat if I die for it. You see. You dare say one word to captain and I follow you all over world. I no care for anything or nobody. You dare! You dare!"

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BLOOD OF HIS ANCESTORS.

This threat, delivered with an intensity impossible to fitly describe, had its effect. It sent the color from Sharpe's face and caused his knees to tremble beneath him.

He was really a coward at heart else he would not have been a bully. Secure in his official position he felt that he could browbeat those under him with impunity.

Now he realized that all the laws of the Academy and the country would not protect him from this murderous Japanese. He could feel the knife against his throat, the touch of the cold steel, the choking grasp of death's bony hand.

He tried to say something to placate this terrible enemy, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He was almost in a state of collapse.

Clif saw it and he read success. He touched Trolley upon the arm.

"That will do; you have him," he whispered.

The Japanese youth gave one parting shot.

"Remember!" he hissed, and turned contemptuously away, leaving Sharp to sink nervelessly against the railing.



The scene had taken place on the *Monongahela's* forecastle which happened to be unoccupied at the time, save by the class of instruction.

Aft the rest of the crew and cadets were engaged in spreading awnings and preparing the practice ship for its brief stay in New London, she having anchored at the mouth of the Thames below the city the previous evening.

It chanced, therefore, that the scuffle between Sharpe and Trolley had escaped notice, a circumstance which materially favored Clif's scheme of intimidation.

While Sharpe was recovering, Faraday hastily bade the rest of the plebes keep the matter quiet.

"It's a good thing that Judson Greene and Spendly are not in this squad," he added to Joy.

"That's right," agreed the lanky plebe. "By Jake! they wouldn't do a thing but blab it over the ship."

Judson Greene and Spendly were two members of the "May" cadets. They were Clif's bitter enemies and would not have hesitated at anything to injure him or his friends.

It was several minutes before Cadet corporal Sharpe resumed his duties. During the balance of the lessons he carefully avoided Clif, Trolley and the others, devoting his time to the rest of the class.

At the conclusion of the hour he hastened below. Clif, who had been carefully watching him, saw an expression upon his face that boded ill.

"Let's talk over this matter, fellows," he said to the three. "Come up to the bow where we won't be disturbed."

"Now," he added seating himself upon the rail, "we must form a committee of ways and means to protect Trolley. That cad, Sharpe, is contemplating trouble. I could see it in his cowardly face.

"Trolley has him frightened," commented Joy. "By Jake! I never saw a fellow show the white feather more quickly than Sharpe did. He was scared out of his senses."

"Oh, he won't make a report of it," replied Clif decisively, "but I think he intends to get square with Trolley all right, all right."

"What can he do?" asked little Nanny.

"Several things, youngster. He wouldn't stickle at anything, I guess. If ever I saw malignancy in a fellow's countenance, I saw it in Sharpe's just now. He'll never rest until he evens up the score, mark my words."

"I no afraid of him," put in Trolley. "He no can lick me. I show him two or one tricks if he fool with me."

"He won't try anything aboveboard. He'll wait until you get ashore and then 'do' you in some way."

"There's a liberty party to-morrow morning."

"Yes, and the starboard watch goes first."

"Sharpe's in it."

"And so are we."

Trolley leaned over the railing and glanced absently into the water rippling past the bow. Clif continued talking but he kept his eyes on the Japanese youth's face.

Presently Joy and Nanny sauntered aft to watch the arrival of a boat at the gang-way.

Clif hesitated a moment, then he stepped to Trolley's side and placed one arm caressingly about his shoulder.

"What is it, chum?" he asked softly.

The Japanese youth started and turned his face away. He did not answer; and Clif felt him tremble slightly.

"What is the matter, old fellow? Anything wrong?"

There was a persuasive gentleness in Faraday's voice, a gentleness which few could resist.

He could be as tender as a woman to his friends, and it was a characteristic which did not seem out of place even with his sturdy manliness and athletic build. It was that which made Trolley and Joy and Nanny and a host of others give him such loyal admiration.

The Japanese youth's answer came at last. He did not attempt to look at Clif but he said in subdued tones:

"I am afraid, chum."

"Afraid?"

"Yes."

"What on earth do you mean? You are joking."

Clif drew away slightly and stared at the back of his companion's head in profound amazement.



"Afraid!" he repeated. "Why, Trolley, I can't believe it. Is it possible you are scared because I said Sharpe intended to——"

Trolley wheeled on him so quickly that he brushed Clif's cap to the deck.

"I no say that," he exclaimed proudly. "I no scared of any boy or any man."

"Then what——"

"I afraid for that brute, Sharpe. I afraid of myself. I hate him so I kill him if he do any more. You listen to me."

His voice trembled with passion as he uttered the last words. His sombre eyes blazed, and the breath came in quick gasps from his half parted lips.

Clif's amazement increased. This was a new Trolley to him. This was not the placid, good-natured lad whose merry laugh and good natured ways had won so many friends.

Verily, it was a transformation so marvelous that Farraday could only stand and gaze at him with wide-open eyes.

Gripping him by the arm, the Japanese youth continued hoarsely:

"He insult me more than I can stand. He treat me like dog, and I better than him thousand times. My people are noble in Japan. In old times before that devil's country be known my ancestors were great lords. The emperor send me here because he friendly to United States. I gentleman, and I better than Sharpe. He brute, he dog! If he speak to me once more I kill him like my people killed enemies long time ago."

The fingers clutching Clif's arm had tightened until the pain was almost unbearable, but it was nothing to the tumult in Clif's brain.

He felt strongly moved by Trolley's passionate outburst, and he realized that every single word came from the heart.

"By Jove! he'll do it, as surely as I stand here," he murmured. "There will be a tragedy on our hands without something is done to avoid it."

"Trolley, this is all nonsense," he added aloud. "You musn't take any notice of that fellow. He's beneath you."

"So is a beast," was the stubborn response.

"But you must remember that we are not living in the tenth century. People don't kill each other for such trivial in-

sults nowadays. If he tries any game, just lick him. He'll not bother you again.

"Fists no wipe out insults like he give me. Only blood do that."

Suddenly dropping his angry tone the Japanese boy placed both hands on Clif's shoulders and said pleadingly:

"You must save me, chum. Only you can do it. I know I got devil temper, but I no can help it. I want to be like you. Save me from myself. You best friend I ever had. I like you better than brother. Oh, Clif, if you think good of poor me, keep me from doing bad like my temper tell me."

There was a suspicious moisture in his eyes as his companion finished. The appeal went to his very heart.

This was no ordinary boy before him, and he knew it well. Trolley could not be judged by American views. He was an Oriental, with the passionate, half savage blood of feudal ancestors in his veins.

"Save him? Why, I'll do it no matter what it costs," Clif muttered as he grasped Trolley's hands in a friendly grip.

Five minutes later he was seeking Cadet Corporal Sharpe.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### A MISSION THAT FAILED.

There was little in the appearance of the day or the calm peaceful scene to indicate that such stormy passions were rife on board the gallant old Monongahela.

The ship was anchored down near the mouth of the river leading to New London. On both sides stretched green banks dotted here and there with country villas and detached houses of more modest construction.

Directly opposite the anchorage was a famous hotel, the Pequod. Its lawns and fields were occupied by groups of tennis players whose merry laughter and gay banter were wafted off to the ship by breezes redolent with odors eloquent of country flowers and fragrant trees.

The day was warm; a drone of insects filled the air; all Nature seemed at peace, and the skies smiled down from azure depths.

Clif paused a moment on the forecastle



and glanced absently around. In the distance could be seen the spires and house-tops of the ancient New England city. A great bridge cast its web-like spans from shore to shore at the upper end. On the river were several puffing, noisy tugs and a grim, unpicturesque steam barge.

Coming alongside the gangway was the captain's gig, in readiness to take that officer ashore. Aft on the quarterdeck the side was being manned to give official honor to the occasion.

Clif glanced from figure to figure, but he could not distinguish the cadet corporal. He was evidently below.

As he descended the gundeck ladder Faraday almost bumped into a cadet coming up. The latter scowled and exclaimed:

"What are you about, plebe? Can't you see where you are going?"

"I was looking for you, Mr. Sharpe," replied Clif, quietly.

"What do you want?"

"A moment's talk."

Sharpe attempted to brush past, at the same time saying curtly:

"I haven't any time to talk with fresh plebes like you. Wait until you are in the service a dog watch and I'll think about it."

"It may pay you to listen to me, Mr. Sharpe," exclaimed Faraday, earnestly. "Believe me, I——"

"Is this a challenge from that Jap," interrupted the cadet corporal insolently.

He tried to be indifferent and to speak lightly, but Clif saw that he was disturbed. He took a couple of steps downward and the conversation was continued on the gun deck at the foot of the ladder.

"No, I am not the bearer of a challenge from Trolley, but I want to see you about him," said Clif. "I wish to tell you, Mr. Sharpe, that there may be very serious trouble come from that unfortunate affair on the forecastle this morning."

"Trouble," blustered Sharpe. "You are right, there'll be trouble. I'll make the yellow nigger wish he'd never left his dirty old country. He'll be out of the service inside of two weeks."

"And you may be in a worse condition before that time," replied Clif, meaningly.

"I want to give you fair warning," he added, with emphasis. "Asaki is a dangerous boy. He's not like us. He has different ideas, and one of them is that an insult can only be wiped out by blood or—death."

Sharpe paled slightly, and glanced apprehensively up the hatchway ladder.

"This is utter rot," he exclaimed. "The fool wouldn't dare."

"He would dare anything. He has a terrible temper, and when he's aroused there is no telling what he would do. Just take my advice and don't provoke him. I do not wish to see either you or him in trouble. Promise me you'll let the whole matter drop."

Before Sharpe could reply a third class cadet hurriedly approached from forward. The newcomer, a stockily built lad with a sallow face and small, beady eyes, glanced insolently at Clif.

"I say, Sharpe," he exclaimed, touching the corporal upon the arm, "I've got something to tell you. It's about that affair you mentioned a while ago. I've got a scheme, and it's a sure winner. Come over here."

Sharpe followed him a few paces distant, and the pair were soon deep in an earnest conversation.

"I'll wager my cap they're talking about Trolley," muttered Clif. "If that fellow, Crane, has anything to do with it, he'll spoil the whole affair. Confound him! why can't he mind his own business? He'll be advising Sharpe to—ah, they are going aft."

Sharpe, with a backward glance at Clif, had started off, followed by his companion. The envoy of peace was not to be dropped in this summary manner.

"Mr. Sharpe," he called out, "will you give me an answer to my question?"

Crane whispered to the cadet corporal, and the latter nodded.

"If you want to tell that Jap anything," he sneered, "just say that I'll not only thrash him, but I'll see that he is fired from the service. As for you, just watch yourself; you'll be the next."

Clif flushed, and a peculiar smile gathered about the corners of his mouth—a smile that had little of mirth in it. It was a warning of danger to those who knew him best.



"You are a cadet corporal and my superior officer, Mr. Sharpe," he said, evenly; "but if you will forget your rank and step into the washroom I'll promise to give you a worse thrashing than I did the last time."

Sharpe's face paled and then reddened. He was on the point of retorting when Crane caught him by the arm.

"Don't bother with the plebe," he said. "We'll fix them both. Come on."

The two walked down the gundeck leaving Clif staring after them with his hands clinched and his eyes flashing with a wrath he could not repress.

"Well, so be it," he said after a moment. "If they are fools enough to court trouble, I'll not interfere. But I will see that poor old Trolley doesn't get any of it."

He sought out Joy and Nanny and confided to them all that had occurred, adding:

"We must do something to keep Trolley from ruining himself in the service, chums. Sharpe is determined to get square ashore, and if he provokes Trolley, the latter will kill him."

"I never thought he could be so blood-thirsty," commented Nanny.

"It isn't that, youngster. He is as good a fellow as we have on board. He is intelligent and good-hearted, and a true friend, but there is a certain strain of—well, you might call it savagery—which will crop out at times. That confounded bully, Sharpe, has ignited the spark, and it'll burn him if he doesn't watch out."

"Wow! who would think we had such a fire-eater on board. It seems funny doesn't it? But I say, Clif, why can't we keep Trolley on board?"

Faraday shook his head.

"I proposed that, but he thinks it would look as if he were afraid of Sharpe. No, we must do our best to keep them apart on shore. There goes the call to quarters. Hustle, or you'll be late."

The balance of the day was so occupied by drills that Clif had no time to devote to the subject. That evening the first cutter, to which he was attached, was sent up to the city with a party of officers and it was late before he returned.

He met Trolley at morning coffee a few minutes after reveille. The Japanese

youth's face wore an expression of sober earnestness, and he replied absently to Clif's cheery greeting.

"He is still brooding over it," thought Faraday. "I guess it won't do any good to say anything."

Joy, fresh from duty aft, joined them.

"The liberty party goes ashore at four bells," he said, helping himself to a steaming tin of coffee. "I don't believe I'll join it. There's nothing to see in this old town."

"That's so," replied Clif, with a side glance at Trolley. "Suppose we all stay aboard and ask the first luff to give us the dingy for a sail on the river?"

Trolley's passion for boat sailing was well known to him, and he hoped the lad would take the bait, but he hoped in vain.

"I go ashore," announced the Japanese quietly. "I like to see New London."

Clif made a sign to Joy and the two withdrew to the opposite side of the deck.

"No use," said Faraday. "We've got to go and take care of him."

"You know my disposition, Clif," sighed the lanky plebe. "I am devoted to peace and I'd do anything to prevent fighting. Now I propose we persuade Sharpe in a quiet, gentlemanly manner to keep away from Trolley."

"But how will we do it?"

"Take a club and beat his durned head off."

Clif left him in disgust and prepared for the trip ashore.

A few minutes before the liberty party was called away Trolley slipped down to his locker, and thrust a small glistening object into the inner pocket of his blouse.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### IN THE FLANNIGAN "CAFE."

New London is a seaport town and accordingly it has its front street where sailors who have large and continuous thirsts can have their wants attended to in the most approved style.

Generally the frequenters of these low groggeries are rough bearded men with weather stained clothes and deep, husky voices born of the salty gale and the bounding billows.

Therefore the "artist" behind the bar



was somewhat surprised this afternoon when three youths clad in natty naval cadet uniforms slipped into his place and nervously asked for the use of a back room.

All is fish that comes to such nets and the trio was speedily accommodated. A few moments later they were seated around a table upon which were displayed a black bottle and several glasses. And the three were smoking cigarettes furiously.

"Confound our luck!" exclaimed one of the cadets. "That cad, Faraday, has upset all our plans. What in the deuce made him take the Jap up the river?"

"He must be on to us, Crane," replied another. "The moment the liberty party got ashore Faraday, Joy and Nanny surrounded Trolley and hustled him up the street. Judson Greene followed them, as we told him to, and he saw the whole party board a small steamer."

The third member of the trio glanced at his watch.

"It's now past four," he said. "They must return in time to meet the liberty boat. Perhaps we can work another scheme."

"It's rather late in the day, Sharpe," began the second speaker, a thirdclass cadet named Payne.

"It's never too late to do up a brute like that Jap," interrupted the cadet corporal, with a snarl. "I wish I had him here now, I'd smash his face."

"I say, fellows," spoke up Crane, putting down his glass.

"Well?"

"That idea is not bad."

"What?"

"Why, Sharpe's angelic threat. Why can't we inveigle the Jap to some place like this and give him such a pounding that he'll promise to skip. It's an old dodge, but it has worked before and it may again. I'd like to get in a few licks on the fellow just because he is Faraday's friend."

"Can't we find some other scheme?" asked Payne, dubiously. "To tell the truth, I don't like this brutal knock down and drag out sort of work."

"Afraid of the Jap?" sneered Crane.

The other cadet flushed.

"You know better than to ask such a

question," he retorted hotly. "I am not afraid of the Jap, nor any one else on board the Monongahela. I said I didn't like brutality, and I mean it."

"That's all right, old fellow," put in Sharpe, soothingly. "Neither do I, but this is no ordinary case. Asaki, the Jap, has insulted me, used violence, then threatened to kill me." He glanced instinctively at the door and continued in a lower voice:

"I fully believe he is uncivilized enough to murder any one of us if he thought he was being wronged. Therefore I figure that we would be doing the service a favor if we cause him to skip. Crane's suggestion is the best, and I think we ought to try it."

"Why don't you tackle him alone, then?"

"And get a knife between my ribs?" Sharpe hastened to say. "No, thank you."

Crane poured out a half glass of liquor and shoved it over toward Payne.

"Take a sniffer," he said, raising his own glass. "We won't quarrel about it. You have scruples against licking the Jap, so we will let it go at that. But I thought you hated Faraday enough to be willing to get square with him at all hazards."

"I do hate Faraday," replied Payne, draining his "poison," "but I am not a bully. I like to fight fair."

Crane's little eyes narrowed and he shot an angry glance at the speaker, but he made no attempt to resent the insinuation. There was a perfect understanding between Sharpe and himself, and they plied their companion with whisky until he was completely under its influence.

The trio sat and drank until darkness began to fall, then Crane, leaving Payne in Sharpe's care, sallied forth from the saloon.

A half hour later he was back. He found Payne nodding in his chair, and Sharpe staring gloomily at an unromantic backyard through a window. The latter looked up eagerly as he entered.

"Well?" he asked.

"That's right, it is well," gaily replied Crane, pouring himself a drink. "I've settled everything. I found Greene and put him to watch for the steamer with a



boy who has a note addressed to Trolley. I have also fixed it for this place."

"Good. What did you say?"

"Got a Jap in a store uptown to write in their lingo that he was wanted at once in this saloon, and to be sure and come alone. I had it signed with Matsuri's name, the Japanese ward room boy, you know."

"By Jove! You've got a head," exclaimed Sharpe admiringly. "That's a great scheme."

"Oh, I'm pretty warm," said Crane, with a swagger. "How's our peaceful friend?"

He jerked his thumb toward Payne. Sharpe laughed grimly.

"He's been fighting Faraday and Trolley in his dreams," he replied. "I guess he is fit for anything."

"He may come in handy," remarked Crane, significantly.

"How?"

"If we do up the Jap pretty bad and trouble comes of it what's the matter with unloading the blame on him."

"Sure thing."

The precious pair of rascals settled themselves as comfortably as possible to wait for Trolley. A supper was ordered from the obliging proprietor and Payne was aroused sufficiently to take a vague interest in the proceedings.

As time wore on Crane made a little journey into the back yard, returning with two thick bale sticks. These he placed handily under the table, saying:

"If the Jap's head isn't a broken cocoanut before the scrap is over, I'll ship for a coal passer."

Just then the door opened and the bar-keeper announced gruffly:

"A gent to see one of youse named Matsuri."

## CHAPTER V.

### CLIF FARADAY'S DISGUISE.

The "River Queen," on her return from the daily trip above New London, carried as passengers four cadets who were as happy as boys of their age generally are.

Clif was happy because his little subterfuge to get Trolley out of the town had succeeded. Joy and Nanny were

happy because their warm friend and admired leader chanced to be in that felicitous condition.

And Trolley felt pretty good because he had escaped the day without having cause to yield to his hatred against Cadet Corporal Sharpe.

They were singing a merry glee song as the boat swung into the dock. They were still singing as they stepped ashore. Then the song ended. A boy had emerged from the darkness with a note which he handed to Trolley.

"I guess it's for you," he said, glibly. "The feller told me to give it to a Jap in cadet clothes."

While Trolley's three companions gathered about him under the wharf lamp the messenger disappeared, fingering the ample fee he had received for his part of the plot.

The Japanese youth read the hieroglyphics with many manifestations of surprise. After a moment he translated:

"Come to Flannigan's saloon on Front street at once. I am in trouble, and I ask you to help me as you are my countryman. Do not refuse me this favor.  
Matsuri."

"Why, that's the wardroom boy," exclaimed Nanny.

"He no write this," said Trolley, into whose eyes had crept a peculiar gleam. "This trick of that devil, Sharpe."

"How do you know?" asked Clif, signaling Joy behind the Japanese youth's back. The signal meant: "Watch carefully; he must be prevented from going at all hazards."

"I know because Matsuri no can write," was Trolley's decisive response. "Him ignorant as cow. So Sharpe want to fool me. I go."

He thrust one hand into his blouse and touched a hard object confined in the inner pocket. The action did not escape Clif.

"Well, if you insist on it, all right, chum," he said with assumed indifference. "Can we go with you?"

"No, I go alone."

"It's your funeral. I have done everything I can to prevent trouble. But I want you to do me one favor first."

Trolley looked at him.

"It is that you first take a bite of supper with us at the hotel," continued Clif. "Don't shake your head. It isn't often I



ask you to do anything. And you know you can fight better if you are well fortified."

Very reluctantly the Japanese youth gave his consent, and the party were soon in the office of a modest hotel.

"Send up supper for four to a private room," Clif told the clerk in an aside. "And give us a room near the roof. We may do a little singing and shouting."

He winked one eye and spoke thickly, at the same time flashing a roll of bills. The astute clerk understood. He had had previous experience with naval cadets.

"Now, fellows," said Faraday, when they reached the apartment, which was very near the roof indeed, "we'll give Trolley a mouthful and wish him success."

The Japanese lad dropped into a chair and stared moodily at the floor. Clif sidled up to Joy and whispered:

"I have a plan. It is desperate, but I think it will work like a charm. We must secure Trolley so that he can't leave this room. Then I'll take a trip down to Mr. Flannigan's and see who is there."

"The first part's all right," replied the lanky plebe, "but I draw the line at the second without you take me with you."

"Nope. You and Nanny must stay here and guard Trolley. Steady! no kicking if you please. I am bossing this job."

"And you want all the fun," grumbled Joy.

"I thought you were a man of peace? You are always preaching about it, and here you are wanting—yes, actually yearning—to go where there promises to be a scrap. Shame!"

Joy sighed.

"I must drop that little joke of mine," he said to himself. "It's spoiling too much fun."

Clif managed to notify Nanny of his intentions and at a signal the three threw themselves upon the unsuspecting Japanese youth. Trolley fought desperately, but overpowering numbers prevailed and he was soon bound and gagged and deposited comfortably behind the couch.

"Keep careful watch and do not let him escape," said Faraday, preparing to leave. "When the waiter comes up tell

him Trolley and I have stepped out for a moment. I'll try to be back in an hour at least. Ta! ta!"

He vanished, followed by a chorus of remonstrances and pleadings. Five minutes later he entered the store of a fancy costumer. When he emerged even an intimate friend would have thought him a Japanese. A wig of dark, coarse hair, a tint to the skin and a touch here and there made the disguise perfect.

"If I don't give Sharpe the surprise of his life I am greatly mistaken," he chuckled as he rapidly made his way to the Flannigan cafe.

When the barkeeper announced that a "gent" wished to see "one of youse named Matsuri," Crane and Sharpe sprang to their feet.

"Huddle down in the chair with your back to the door, Payne," commanded the cadet corporal. "Pretend to be asleep and don't move when he enters."

Crane lowered the gas and the two hurried to the door and placed themselves, one on each side. The bale sticks were in readiness.

"We mustn't give him a chance to draw a gun or knife," muttered Sharpe, whose face was rather white. "He's a desperate brute, and there's no telling what would happen."

"Hist! here he comes."

The door swung back and a sturdy, well set up youth strode into the room and advanced toward the table.

He had not taken three steps when Sharpe, with a muttered oath, raised his stick and brought it down upon the new-comer's head.

Fortunately it was a glancing blow, but its force sent the victim staggering against the table. He landed with a crash and swung partially around, directly under the gas jet.

His cap and a shock of black hair fluttered to the floor, and he stood revealed.

"Clif Faraday!" gasped Sharpe and Crane in a breath.

A red stain showed above the temple where the sharp edged bale stick had fallen, and a thin line of blood trickled across the forehead, but there was no sign



of fear or bewilderment in the implacable face.

"Yes, you cowards," came in ringing tones; "it is Clif Faraday. You are a pair of miserable curs. You thought to trap Trolley, a boy who, Japanese as he is, has more honor and manhood in his little finger than you have in your whole carcase. You wouldn't dare face——"

"Jump him, Sharpe," grated Crane, savagely. "He's a better mark than the Jap. Jump him."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE PASSING OF SHARPE.

As quick as a flash Clif snatched up a chair.

"Come on," he shouted. "Try your jumping if you like. I'll give you a warm reception. Come on. I dare you to tackle me. Cowards!"

During this scene Payne had remained at the table, staring stupidly at the three cadets. An inkling of what was taking place came into his befuddled brain.

"I shay," he hiccupped. "Whattsh smatter here. H'lo, Faraday. Come have someshing."

He tried to rise, and in doing so grasped at the table against which Clif was leaning. The effort caused the table to move and Faraday went reeling backward.

Seeing his chance Crane sprang forward, and, seizing the chair, wrested it from Clif's grasp, at the same time launching forth with his stick.

Sharpe, seeing that the foe was at a disadvantage, ran to his companion's assistance. He gave Faraday a brutal blow in the face that brought him to his knees.

Crane followed it up with another and with a gasping cry the lad went down full length upon the floor.

The terrible scene almost sobered Payne. Staggering across the floor, he caught Sharpe by the arm.

"For Heaven's sake, what are you doing?" he cried. "You are killing Faraday."

Sharpe's brutal nature was thoroughly aroused. Giving Payne a shove backward, he raised his stick to deliver another blow, but just then there came a quick step at the door.

A voice hoarse with rage rang through the room and an athletic figure sprang across to where Clif was lying.

It was Trolley!

There was a glitter of steel in the dim light, then the report of a revolver echoed through the room. Sharpe felt the wind of a bullet near his right ear.

Almost paralyzed with terror he threw himself upon the Japanese lad.

"Don't shoot! I'll stop. Don't shoot, Trolley," he gasped, wrenching at the weapon.

In his frantic efforts he tore it from Trolley's hand. The next second another report rang out, and with a choking cry, Payne lurched forward, settling in a heap near the wall.

The revolver dropped from Sharpe's nerveless fingers. Leaning over, he stared, horrified, at the blanched, upturned face.

"I—I my Heaven, I've killed h-him!" he muttered, stammering and gasping as if the words caught in his throat.

Then, wheeling quickly he made one leap for the window, and scrambled headlong into the yard outside.

Crane, a dazed look upon his face, sank into a chair. His lips moved, but no sound came from them.

Suddenly a confused murmur came from the outer room, and several men, among them the proprietor and his bar-keeper, rushed in.

"What's the matter here?" demanded Flannigan. "What the dev——"

He caught sight of the two cadets upon the floor and the revolver lying near them.

"Quick! Lock the front door, Jack," he shouted to his assistant. "There's murder done here, and we'll be pinched as sure as——"

The words died away in a gasp of astonishment. Payne had struggled to a sitting position, and at almost the same moment Clif moaned and feebly stretched out his arms.

Trolley was on his knees beside his friend in an instant.

"Water!" he cried. "Bring water quick!"

"Whisky is better," muttered the bartender, reaching for the bottle on the table.

He poured a liberal allowance into a



glass and placed it to Clif's lips. The latter gasped and opened his eyes.

"Here, take this, young feller. It'll bring you around in a 'jiffy.'"

But Faraday shook his head.

"Not that," he murmured. "I won't touch it."

Water was brought and before many minutes had elapsed the two injured cadets were able to walk. A hasty examination revealed the fact that Payne's head was merely grazed.

"Now you fellers clear out of this as quick as your legs will carry you," exclaimed Flannigan, savagely. "Come, git, and be quick about it. I'll have no such carryings on in my place. Jack, show them out through the yard, and see that they git off the premises. It'll cost me a pretty penny to square the cops for this."

With Trolley assisting him Clif left the room. Payne staggered after them, and Crane made a hasty exit, disappearing as soon as the outer air was reached.

At the head of the alley Clif and Trolley ran into Joy and Nanny. The latter two were very much excited, and they hailed the others with evident relief.

No questions were asked until the hotel was reached. Then when Clif's bruises had been dressed and supper laid, mutual explanations were exchanged.

Clif gave a brief description of the affray in the saloon, then he asked how Trolley had appeared so opportunely.

Both Joy and Nanny hung their heads, but the Japanese lad laughed grimly.

"I tell you," he said. "While I lay back of sofa—I get square sometimes for that trick, Clif Faraday—I hear Joy say to Nanny that he no wait longer, then he go in a hurry to look for Clif. I think awhile and I say little Nanny he got big heart, he no see me suffer. Then, I groan and moan and by and by he come over and look at me. I hold breath till I black in face. He think I choking——"

"I'll let you choke next time," interrupted Nanny, indignantly.

"He take out gag, then I ask him to let go one arm as I feel very bad. He do so, and—poof!"

"He threw me under the table and ran down stairs. And I think it was a mean trick."

"All's well that ends well," quoted Clif, tenderly feeling his bruises. "As it happens we come off with flying colors. Mark my words, that fellow Sharpe won't return."

"Think he'll desert?"

"Sure. He believes he killed Payne, and he won't show his nose in the service again."

"For which make us truly thankful," sighed Joy. "I have only one regret."

"That you missed the fun," smiled Clif.

The lanky plebe eyed him reproachfully.

"How can you say that? You know I mean that fighting occurred. I am a man of——"

A chorus of groans and catcalls brought him to a stop. It was plainly apparent his little "bluff," to use a common expression, was no longer serviceable.

When the liberty party left the dock an hour later Cadet Corporal Sharpe was missing.

"I suppose he will be off in another boat and get demerited for being over-time," said the officer in charge, carelessly.

But Clif and his chums had no such belief, neither did Crane and Payne, who had appeared in time to catch the cutter.

Cadet Corporal Sharpe was absent when the Monongahela left New London, and there was joy among the plebes as they knew that it meant desertion for him and a great relief to them.

[THE END.]

In the next number (31) of *Army and Navy* will be published as the complete Naval Academy story, "Clif Faraday's Wit; or, The Chase of the Yacht Fleet-wing," by Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.





# The Cryptogram

A STORY OF  
NORTH-WEST CANADA

BY

WM. MURRAY GRAYDON

*Author of "A Legacy of Peril," "In Forbidden Nepal," etc.*

("THE CRYPTOGRAM" was commenced in No. 27. Back numbers can be obtained of all newsdealers.)

## CHAPTER IX.

### AT THE MERCY OF THE SEA.



FOR an hour or more I sat on the edge of my berth, pondering the matter first in one way and then in another. The captain's plain speech had opened my eyes, as it were, and as I recalled many little incidents of the past, looking at them now in their true light, I saw that I had indeed been dull-witted and slow of comprehension. I had won Flora's heart—she returned my affection. That was the meaning of her frequent blushes and confusion—signs which I had interpreted as indifference when I thought of them at all.

The discovery both caused me an exquisite joy and added to my wretchedness. At the first I painted a bright and glowing picture of the future. Flora should be mine! I would make her my wife, and carry her off into the wilderness or to one of the lower towns. I was young and strong, I had some money laid by, and it would be but a delightful task to carve a home and a fortune for the two of us. So I reasoned for a time, and then a more sober mood followed. I saw that I had been indulging in an empty dream.

"There is no such happiness for me!" I groaned aloud. "I was a fool to think of it for a moment. The girl loves me, it is true, but no persuasion of mine could ever induce her to break her promise. She belongs to Griffith Hawke, and she will marry him. And even if it were possible to win her, honor and duty, which I have always held sacred, would keep me from such a knavish trick. If I proved unfaithful to my trust, could I ever hold up my head among men again?"

Thus I revolved the matter in my mind, and I confess that I was sorely tempted more than once to stake all on the chance of making Flora my own. But in the end I resolved to be true to my manhood—to the principles my father had been at such pains to teach me. Without taking the trouble to undress, I stretched myself on my bed—the hour was late—and for a long time I dozed or tossed restlessly at intervals. At last I fell into a sound sleep, and it could have been no great while afterwards when I was rudely awakened by a crash that pitched me out of my bunk to the floor. A second and far louder crash followed at once, immediately overhead, and then a shrill commotion broke out. I knew that the ship had struck, and I lost no time in getting to my feet. Luckily no bones were broken, and with some difficulty—for the vessel was pitching heavily—I groped my way through the darkness to the deck.

Here I beheld such a scene as I trust I may never see again. The mainmast had fallen, tearing a great gap in the bulwark, and crushing two sailors under its weight. Hiram Bunker and some of his men were rushing to and fro, shouting and yelling; others were gazing as though stupefied at the wreckage of shattered spars, flapping canvas, and twisted cordage. The ship was plunging fore and aft—a sure sign that she was not now aground. The mist had partly cleared, and the air was raw and cutting. A storm of wind and rain was raging, blowing from the starboard or seaward side. Several of the crew had followed me above,

but most of them had evidently been busy on deck at the time of the disaster.

A single lamp was burning, and at first none observed my presence. All was seemingly confusion and panic, and the skipper's orders were being tardily obeyed. I moved forward a little, and recognized Captain Rudstone holding to the snapped-off end of the mast.

"What has happened?" I demanded anxiously. "Are we in danger?"

"Little doubt of it, Mr. Carew," he answered, calmly. "The ship struck on a submerged rock—probably the side edge of it—and immediately sheered off into deep water. It was a hard blow to shatter the mast, which crushed two poor fellows to death in its fall."

"What is the time?" I asked.

"Two o'clock of the morning, and we are close to the shore."

"The vessel might have fared worse," said I. "But is she leaking?"

"Ay, there's the rub," the captain replied. "The water is pouring in, and the ship is already beginning to settle."

"God help us," I cried, "if that is true!"

I wanted further confirmation, and I hurried away to seek the skipper. I found him close by, and as I hurried up to him he was joined by another man, a bearded sailor, who called out excitedly:

"There is four feet of water in the well, sir, and it is steadily increasing. We can't keep afloat long."

"Stick to the pumps, Lucas, and do what you can," the skipper directed. "Get some food ready, men, and prepare to lower the boats," he shouted loudly to the crew. Then he turned to me.

"This is a bad business, Mr. Carew," he said, hoarsely. "It's all up with my ship, and I'm a ruined man. But I'm going to save all hands, if it is possible. Where is Miss Hatherton?"

"In her cabin," I replied.

I had not forgotten the girl, but I had felt reluctant to rouse her until I knew what danger threatened us. Now there was no time to lose, and I hastened to the companionway. At the foot of it, where there was some depth of water, I dimly perceived Flora wading toward me. She uttered a little cry of joy and clasped my arm.

"So you are up and dressed," I exclaimed. "I was just coming for you."

"I was awakened by the crash," she replied, and I prepared for the worst at once. Is the ship sinking, Denzil?"

"She will go down ultimately," I answered; "but there is plenty of time for all hands to escape. Do not be alarmed."

"I am not frightened," she said, bravely. "I know that I am safe with you."

There was a tenderness in her voice that tempted me to some mad reply, but I checked the impulse. I bade her stay where she was while I went to my cabin for some articles of value. I was quickly back, and as soon as the companion was clear—the skipper and some of the crew were swarming down—I helped Flora up. We went forward to the bulwark, Captain Rudstone



joining us, and there we waited for a quarter of an hour of suspense and anxiety.

In spite of the sucking of the pumps, the ship settled steadily, bows first, and rolled less and less to the waves. It was very dark, and the wind shrieked and whistled dismally; the rain fell unceasingly, soon drenching us from head to foot. The worst of it was that we had shortly to face a deadly peril. The boats were frail, the sea rough, and the storm-beaten coast of the bay was no great distance off. I had not the heart to tell Flora how slight was our chance of life, and I do not know if she suspected it. At all events, she was perfectly calm and collected.

The men were under control now, and there was little confusion. They promptly obeyed orders, and Hiram Bunker seemed to be everywhere at once. We could do nothing but look on, with growing uneasiness, for which there was good cause. But at last all was in readiness, and none too soon, for the bows of the sinking ship were close to the water. It was from this quarter that the two boats—the long boat and the jolly boat—were lowered.

The latter was the smaller, and it was quickly filled by Miss Hatherton, Captain Rudstone, Baptiste, and I, and four seamen. The first mate, who had a lantern lashed to his waist, let down some food and then followed us. The skipper and the rest of the crew occupied the long boat, which was lowered at the same time from the opposite side. Both craft were hurriedly thrust off by the aid of boat-hooks, and there we were on the open surface of Hudson's Bay, exposed to the fury of the storm, and drifting away into the black maw of the night.

How narrow an escape we had made of it we were quickly to learn, for we had gone no more than a hundred yards when I heard a bitter cry from Hiram Bunker, followed by shouts of "Look! Look!" I glanced back from the stern seat, and at that moment the Speedwell went to her doom. There was a sound of creaking planks, her bow dipped under and her stern rose in the air, and then the waves closed over the poop deck and blotted out the swinging lantern.

We were beyond reach of the vortex, and our men pulled hard away from the fatal spot. The sea grew rougher, and the rain poured in torrents; we were compelled to keep bailing the water out. The wind-lashed gap between the two boats widened swiftly, and in a short time the long boat was lost to sight in the darkness. Again and again we shouted at the top of our voices, but no reply came back. The wind shrieked, the billows roared and crashed, and the shadow of death seemed to be lowering on us from the black sky overhead.

"How are we going?" Captain Rudstone asked of the first mate, who was at one of the oars.

"Badly enough, sir," the man replied. "It's no use trying to keep off the shore, pull as hard as we may."

"Is there no hope?" Flora asked of me in a whisper.

"Very little," I replied hoarsely. "It is better to prepare for the worst."

I put one arm round her, and she voluntarily snuggled closer to me. Thus we sat for twenty minutes or half an hour, expecting constantly to be capsized and flung into the sea. The storm still raged with undiminished violence, but it was growing a little lighter now, and as often as we rose to the top of the swell we could see the faint blur of the land far off. It was an ominous sight, for most of us knew what the shore of the bay was like in a tempest. Wind and tide were drifting us steadily nearer.

"Look! Look!" Captain Rudstone suddenly shouted. "Pull hard about, men! Quick, for your lives!"

But it was too late to avert the danger. I had scarcely glanced behind me, where I saw a mighty wave yards high rolling forward swiftly, when the jolly boat was pitched far into the air. It hovered an instant on the crest of the wall of water and then turned bottom up, shooting us all down the slope into a foamy trough.

I lost my grip of Flora—how I do not know—and was sucked deep below the surface. When by hard struggling I came to the top and looked about, I experienced a moment of sickening horror, for I could see nothing of the girl; but suddenly she rose within a few feet of me, her loosened hair streaming on the water, and by a desperate effort I reached and caught hold of her.

It was just then, as we were both at the mercy of the sea, that a strange and providential thing hap-

pened. A heavy spar, which had doubtless been washed from the sinking ship, floated alongside of us. I seized it firmly with one hand, while I supported Flora with the other. We were hurled up on a wave, and from the crest I saw the capsized jolly boat some distance off. Two men were clinging to the keel, but I was unable to recognize them. The next instant the wind seemed to fall a little and shift to another quarter, bringing with it a grey fog that settled speedily and thickly on all sides of us. But I had caught a glimpse of the coast, and above the gale I could faintly hear the muffled pounding of the surf.

The spar drifted on for several minutes, now high in the air, now deep in the greenish hollow of the sea. Flora was perfectly conscious, and partly able to help herself. We were in such peril that I could offer her no words of comfort, and she seemed to understand the meaning of my ominous stillness.

"Are we going to be drowned?" she asked.

"We are in God's hands, Flora," I answered, busily. "The shore is very close, and we are drifting straight in. A tremendous surf is breaking and it will be a miracle if we live through it."

"Then we will die together, Denzil," the brave girl whispered; and as she looked up at me I read in her eyes the confession of her heart—the pure depth of a love that was all my own.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE DAWN OF DAY.

Flora's words, and the meaning glance that accompanied them, melted the resolve I had made but a few hours before. There was no reason, indeed why I should keep silence at such a time. I believed that we were both in the jaws of death, with not the faintest chance of escape. To lift the cloud that was between us—to snatch what bliss was possible out of our last moments—would be a sweet and pardonable thing. So, while the spar bore us lightly amid the curling waves, I drew the girl more tightly to my breast with one arm, and pressed kisses on her lips and eyes, on the salty, dripping hair that clustered about her forehead.

"My darling, I love you!" I whispered passionately in her ear. "You must let me speak; I can hide it no longer. I lost my heart weeks ago, but honor held me silent."

What more I said I do not recall, but I know that I poured forth all my burning, pent-up affection. When I had finished, Flora lifted her tear-dimmed eyes to my face and smiled; she put a trembling arm about my neck and kissed me.

"And I love you, Denzil," she said, softly. "Oh, I am so glad that I can tell you; it seems to take away the sting of death. I would have hidden the truth from you; I would have kept my promise and married Griffith Hawke. But now—now it is different. In death we belong to each other. You made me love you, Denzil—you were so kind, so good, so brave!"

"If we could only live, and be happy together!" I replied, hoarsely.

"Hush! God knows best," she whispered. "In life we must have been apart. Kiss me again, Denzil, and hold me tight. The end will not be long!"

I kissed her passionately, and drew her as close to me as I could with one arm, while with the other I took a firmer grip on the spar. I had my heart's desire, but already it was turning to ashes. I could not reconcile myself to so cruel a fate. As I looked into Flora's eyes, shining with the light of love, I felt a bitter resentment, a dull, aching stupor of despair.

We were both silent for a few moments, and then of a sudden a rising wind scattered the grey fog. From the top of the swell we had a glimpse of the low, rugged shore, less than half a mile distant. Monstrous waves were rolling toward it, and the angry bellowing of the surf was like continuous thunder.

"I am growing weaker," Flora whispered, "and I am so cold. Don't let me slip, Denzil."

I assured her that I would not, but I doubted if I could keep my word. I, too, was beginning to succumb to the effects of the long struggle with the raging sea and the driving storm. I was almost exhausted, and chilled in every limb I feared that before long we must both be washed from the spar.

But during the next minute it grew a little lighter, and I made a discovery that caused me a strange agitation. Over on the shore, and slightly to our right, a



promontory of rock and bushes juttied out some distance. It was to leeward of the wind, which was blowing us perceptibly that way, while at the same time the waves swept us landward. I knew that if we should drift under the promontory, where doubtless the surf was less violent, there would be some faint hope of escape. I said nothing to Flora, however, for I thought it best to let her continue to believe the worst. She was much weaker now, and made no effort to speak; but the look in her half-closed eyes was more eloquent than words.

On and on we plunged, gaining speed every instant—now deep down between walls of glassy water, now tossed high on the curling swell. At intervals I sighted the shore—we were close upon it—and there was no longer any doubt that we should strike to leeward of the promontory. Faster and faster! The spar spun round and round dizzily. I gripped it with all my strength, supporting Flora's half-insensible form with the other arm.

For a minute we were held in a watery trough, and then a huge wave, overtaking us from behind, lifted us high on its curling, hissing crest. I had a brief, flashing vision of a murky strip of sand and bushes washed by milky foam. It looked to be straight below me, and on the instant I let go of the spar. I strained Flora to my breast, and made a feeble attempt to swim. There was a roaring and singing in my ears, a blur of shadows before my eyes, and the next thing I remembered was a tremendous crash that I thought had shattered every bone in my body.

The instinct of life was so strong that I must have scrambled at once to my feet. I had been flung into a hillock of wet sand and grass, and with such force that the deep imprint of my body was visible. I looked about me, dizzy and stunned, and immediately saw Flora lying huddled in a thick clump of bushes a few feet to the left. I knew not if she was dead or alive, but as I staggered toward her I discovered a great foaming wave rolling up the beach. Rallying what strength I could, I seized the girl and dragged her back as far and as quickly as I was able. The wave broke with a crash, hurling its curled spray almost to our feet. I dropped my burden, and reeled over in a deathly faint.

When I came to my senses—I could not have been unconscious more than a few minutes—the chilly grey dawn had driven away the shadows of the night. A bleak and disheartening prospect met my eyes in every direction. Straight in front the sea rolled to the horizon, still tossing and tumbling. Behind me, and to right and left, stretched a flat, dreary, marshy coast, scarred with rocks, thickets and evergreens.

It was a familiar enough scene to me—I had often visited the shores of Hudson's Bay—and I gave it but a glance. Flora lay close beside me, her head and shoulders pillowed on a clump of weeds, and at the first I thought she was dead. But when I had risen to my knees with some pain and difficulty—I was as weak as a cat—I found that she was breathing. I set myself to restore her, and chafed her cold hands until the blood began to circulate freely. Then I poured a few drops of brandy between her lips—I fortunately had some in a small flask—and it was no sooner swallowed than she opened her lovely eyes. I could see that she was perfectly conscious, and that she knew me and remembered all; but when I lifted her gently in my arms she made a weak effort to draw back, and looked at me with a sort of horror.

"My darling, what is the matter?" I cried.  
"Hush, Denzil, not that name," she replied, faintly. "Oh, why were we spared? You must forget all that I told you, even as I shall forget your words. It was only a dream—a dream that is dead. We can be nothing to each other."

I knew in my heart that she was right, but the sight of her beauty, the memory of her confession, put me in a rebellious mood. I drank what was left of the brandy, and rose dizzily to my feet.

"I will not give you up," I said, in a dogged tone. "You love me, Flora, and you are mine. Providence saved us for a purpose—to make us happy."

She shook her head sadly.

"Denzil, why will you make it so hard for me?" she replied. "I must keep my promise—you know that. Be brave, be honorable. Forget what has happened!"

The appeal shamed me, and I averted my eyes from her. In my wretchedness I felt tempted to throw myself into the sea.

"Where are the rest?" she asked, in a different voice.

"I fear they are all drowned," I answered, gloomily. "Fate has been less kind to us."

"Do you know where we are?" she continued.

"Not exactly," I said, looking about, "but we can't be a great distance from Fort York—and from Griffith Hawke."

I was sorry for the cutting words as soon as they were spoken, and I would have made a fitting apology. But just then I heard voices, and two voyagers, in the blue capotes of the Hudson Bay Company, came out of the timber about twenty yards off. They saw us at once, and ran toward us with eager shouts.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A COPY OF THE TIMES.

I was both glad and sorry for the interruption. In our forlorn condition we needed assistance badly enough, but I would have preferred to have Flora all to myself for some time longer. However, I made the best of it, and gave the voyagers a warm greeting. They were from Fort York, and they told me that they and half a dozen more had been on a week's hunting trip, and that they had spent the night in a sheltered spot near by. They added that when they were about starting for the fort, half an hour previously, two survivors of the wreck had straggled in to their camp.

This was pleasing news, but before I could glean any further information, the rest of the party made their appearance from the timber—three more voyagers and three of the company's Indian hunters. And with them, to my great delight, were Captain Rudstone and Baptiste. Both walked with difficulty, and were sorely bruised. It seems they had come ashore clinging to the jolly boat—the rest of the crew were drowned—and had been cast on a sandy part of the coast. They knew nothing of the other boat or its occupants, and there was reason to believe the worst.

"I fear they are all lost," said Captain Rudstone. "The long-boat was heavily weighted and it probably capsized soon after it left the ship. We four have had a truly marvellous escape, Mr. Carew. I judge that Miss Hatherton owes her life to you."

"We came ashore together," I answered.

"Mr. Carew is too modest," Flora said, quietly. "But for him I should have been drowned when the boat upset. I was helpless all the time, while he held me on the spar."

The captain looked queerly from one to the other of us, and I was afraid he would say some awkward thing; but he merely shrugged his shoulders, and turned to another subject.

"We might be in a worse plight," he remarked. "We are sound of limb, and Fort York is but six miles away. And I have saved Lord Selkirk's despatches, which is a matter to be thankful for." He patted his breast as he spoke. "A drying at a good fire is all they will need," he added.

After some discussion, it was decided that two of the voyagers should remain behind for the present and search the coast on the chance of finding trace of the longboat and its crew. The rest of us started for the fort, but first a rude litter was constructed on which to carry Flora, who was too weak and bruised to walk so great a distance.

The captain, Baptiste, and I were in not much better condition, and we were heartily glad when, after a weary tramp of under three hours, we arrived at Fort York. This was, and still is, the main trading post of the Hudson Bay Company. It stood close to the bay and to the mouth of the Nelson river. It was larger than the other forts, but in every respect like them—a fortified palisade surrounding a huddled cluster of buildings, in which live a little colony of men, from the factor and his assistants down to the Indian employes.

Captain Rudstone and myself were well known at the fort—we had both been there before—and we received a cordial greeting from old friends. We were soon provided with dry clothes and a stiff glass of liquor, and then, little the worse for our hardships, we sat down to a plentiful breakfast. Baptiste had fared worse than either of us. It turned out that one of his ribs was broken, and he went straight to the hospital. The factor's wife took charge of Flora, and I



saw her no more that day. One thing sadly marred our spirits—we had no hope that Hiram Bunker or any of his crew had been saved, and the disaster cast a gloom on all in the fort. I may add here that the two voyagers found the bodies of the kind-hearted American skipper and six of his men, and that they were buried the following day on a low bluff overlooking the scene of their death-struggles. Peace to their ashes!

I slept soundly until late in the afternoon, and when supper was over, and I had visited Baptiste in the hospital, Captain Rudstone and I spent a quiet evening with the factor. Over pipes and brandy we told him the story of the wreck, and of the circumstances that led to our hurried flight from Quebec. He agreed that we had acted wisely, and he had some remarks to make to the disadvantage of Cuthbert Mackenzie.

"He is a revengeful man," he added, "and he will leave no stone unturned to settle with you for that night's work. I have no doubt that the theft of Lord Selkirk's despatches was his aim."

"He did not get them," the captain laughed.

"It would have been a most unfortunate thing if he had," the factor replied gravely. One of the letters in the packet was for him and he had already received it. "Lord Selkirk is a shrewd and determined man and I am glad to know that they understand the danger at the head office in London. My instructions are just what I have wished them to be, and I suppose the import of all the letters is about the same."

"Very likely," assented Captain Rudstone. "I am glad you are pleased. Trouble has been brewing this long time, and the crisis can't be far off. By-the-by, have you had news from Quebec later than the date of our sailing?"

"Not a word, sir. The last mail, which brought me some London papers, left Fort Garry at the close of June."

The factor sighed. He was fond of the life of towns, and he had been buried in the wilderness for ten years.

"Gentlemen, fill your glasses," he added. "Here's to the prosperity of the company!"

"May it continue for ever!" supplemented the captain.

I drank the toast, and then inquired what was the state of the lower country.

"There have been no open hostilities as yet," the factor replied, "but there are plenty of rumors—ugly rumors. And that reminds me, Mr. Carew, a half-breed brought me a message from Griffith Hawke two days ago."

"I rather expected to find him here," said I, trying to hide my eagerness at the opening of a subject which I had wished to come to.

"He has abandoned that intention," the factor stated. "He is afraid to leave at present. The redskins have been impudent in his neighborhood of late, and he thinks their loyalty has been tampered with by the Northwest people. He begged me to send you and Miss Hatherton on to Fort Royal at the first opportunity after your arrival, and there happens to be one open now."

"How is that?" I asked.

"My right hand man, Gummidge—you met him at supper—has been transferred to Fort Garry," the factor explained. "He is married, and he and his wife will go by way of the Churchill river and Fort Royal. Mrs. Gummidge will be a companion to Miss Hatherton. They expect to start in a week, so as to cover as much ground as possible before the winter sets in."

"The sooner the better," said I.

"And what about the marriage?" Captain Rudstone inquired, carelessly.

"There will be a priest here—one of the French fathers—in the course of a month," said the factor, "and I will send him on to Fort Royal."

I tried hard to appear unconcerned, for I saw that Captain Rudstone was watching me keenly.

"I trust I shall be present for the ceremony," he remarked. "I go south by that route when I have finished with the business that brought me to the bay. I have three forts to visit hereabouts first."

The factor sucked thoughtfully at his pipe.

"Hawke is a lucky man," he said. "By gad, I envy him! Miss Hatherton is the prettiest bit of womanhood I ever clapped eyes on."

"She is too young for Hawke," said Captain Rudstone, with a sly glance in my direction.

"She will make him a good wife," I replied, aggressively.

"There is another who wishes to marry her," he answered.

"What do you mean by that?" I cried.

"I refer to Cuthbert Mackenzie," said the captain.

I gave him an angry look, for I knew he had been purposely drawing me on, and to hide my confusion I drank a glass of brandy and water. There was a pause, and then, to my relief, the factor turned the conversation on the prices of furs.

The next five days passed slowly and uneventfully. Baptiste came out of hospital, and was pronounced fit for travel. Flora was none the worse for her exposure and suffering; I saw very little of her, for she lived in the married men's quarters and was looked after by the factor's wife and Mrs. Gummidge. But when we found ourselves alone together, as happened several times, her guarded conversation gave me to understand that the past must be forgotten, and she showed plainly that she was deeply grateful to me for not bringing up the subject that was next my heart. And indeed I had no intention of doing so. I realized that the girl could not be mine, and that what had occurred between us—when we believed ourselves to be on the edge of the grave—was the more reason why I should remain true to faith and honor. But my love for her was stronger and deeper-rooted than ever, and I still adhered to my resolution to take myself out of temptation's way at the first opportunity—to begin a new life in the wilderness or the towns of Lower Canada. I would have evaded the journey with her to Fort Royal had it been possible to do so.

Captain Rudstone made no further mention of the girl, and during the time he remained at the fort we were on the best of terms, though I observed that he took no pains to seek my company, and that he often looked at me with the puzzled and uneasy expression which I had noted from the first. On the morning of the fourth day he left for a fort some miles to the eastward, and on the night before an incident happened which I must not forget to mention.

We were sitting in the factor's room after supper—the captain and I—and he was reading an English paper that had come up with the last mail. Suddenly he uttered a sharp cry of surprise, and brought his tilted chair to the floor with a crash. When I inquired what was the matter he looked at me suspiciously, and made some inaudible reply. He tossed the paper on the table, gulped down a stiff brandy, and left the room.

As he did not return, I ventured to pick the paper up and examine it. It was a copy of the London Times, dated a year back. I scanned the page he had been reading, but could find nothing to account for his agitation. Where his hand had rumpled it was a brief paragraph stating that the Earl of Heathmere, of Heathmere Hall, in Surrey, was dead; that his two unmarried sons had died during the previous year—one by an accident while hunting; and that the title was now extinct, and the estate in Chancery. I read it with a momentary interest, and then it passed from my mind. The notice of deaths was close by, and I concluded that it contained the name of one of the captain's English friends. I remembered that he had resided in London for some time.

Early the next morning Captain Rudstone departed, expressing the hope that he would see me within a month or six weeks. Two days later—on the morning of the sixth day after the wreck of the Speedwell—I was on my way to Fort Royal. Our party numbered eight, as follows: Jim Gummidge and his wife, Miss Hatherton and myself, Baptiste, and three trusty voyageurs. Gummidge was a companionable fellow, and his wife was a hardy, fearless little woman of the woods.

Our course was to the west, across a seventy-mile stretch of waterways, formed of connecting lakes and streams, that would bring us to the Churchill river at a point a few miles above Fort Royal—the Churchill, it may be said, empties into Hudson's Bay more than a hundred miles to the northwest of Fort York. We travelled in one long, narrow canoe, which was light enough to be portaged without difficulty, and on the evening of the second day we were within thirty-five miles of our destination.

(TO BE CONTINUED).



# A PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERY;

OR,

## The Mystery of the Stolen Nugget.

By E. A. CARR.



CLEAVER RAN FOR HIS LIFE, FOLLOWED BY THE GRIZZLY (page 1425).

**A**T four o'clock one August morning in the early sixties, the slumbering camp at Parker's Gulch was aroused by a sudden outburst of shouts and oaths, followed by the sharp crack of a firearm. Instantly the whole settlement was astir. Shanty doors were flung open; rough heads emerged blinking and yawning from the flaps of tents; and bearded miners, still heavy with sleep, stumbled hither and thither among the mounds and sluices of the mines.

"What is it? Where is the fight?" asked young Beeching, the head man of the Pioneer mine, of every one he met. No definite answer was forthcoming until he met "Big Jeff," a giant lumberman who had moved westward like the rest under the epidemic of "gold fever."

"Fight? There aren't any," growled Jeff, evidently disappointed that there was not. "It's only that 'Hoppy Pete' gone mad an' lettin' his pistol off, jest to make a rumpus!"

Without more words he passed on, and Beeching hurried down to Pete's cabin, on the bank of the stream that traversed the gulch. Here, in the centre of a knot of burly miners, he found "Hoppy Pete," whose lameness had suggested this nickname to his comrades. He was a spare little man, sober and hard working, who mined a small claim on his own account. The previous day he had had a rare stroke of luck; his pick had turned up a nugget of gold that turned the scale at seventy-three ounces—by far the biggest "find" that Parker's Gulch had known. Congratulations and drinks had poured in upon him; he had been re-named "Happy Pete," and had gone off to his bunk scarcely sober. What was wrong now! Beeching wondered.

"Gone—it's gone. I tell you!" the poor fellow was shrieking, his eyes full of tears, his whole frame shaking with fury. "Some low thief has it—some of you! I'll have the law of him though, see if I don't! I'll

have the sheriff over! I'll put a bullet through him! My nugget's stolen, I tell you!"

With difficulty Beeching gathered the facts of the story. Pete had tied the nugget about his waist in a strip of wash-leather, inside his shirt, and had fallen to sleep with his arms crossed over the precious find. His door, like those of most of the miners, had but a crazy fastening; and poor Pete had awakened to find it wide open, part of his improvised belt cut away, and the nugget missing.

A sort of impromptu council being held among the group, it was proposed to make a hut-to-hut search. Ere the method of it could be settled, a newcomer burst in among the debaters—a lean shiftless-looking man with a red goatee beard and a shock of flaming hair.

"Pete's nugget stole?" said this man eagerly. "Wal, I reckon I oughter tell yer all I know. 'Bout midnight I heerd them young chaps in the cabin next mine stumblin' round in the dark an' whisperin' together. So, heerin' the news just now, I peeks in their place, an' finds it empty!"

The miners looked at each other, and determined to commence their search at the absentees' cabin.

The hut stood behind a heap of washed earth, a few paces from the river. Close by, a rough stake stuck in the ground was surmounted by a board whereon was painted in straggling letters:

"THE HOPE-ON.

"By the Bros. Walsh."

"I don't believe two quiet lads like them would be guilty of stealing," said Harry Beeching, who had often seen the brothers toiling manfully with pick and cradle on their tiny "claim," and had spoken kindly to them as two plucky youngsters.

"We'll search, anyway; thet's no harm," said a burly miner among the crowd.

The door being ajar, he, Pete and Beeching entered the hut, which was too small to admit any more. To search it was an easy matter. Two spare pairs of boots



were under the bunks: a Bible and a book of adventures, a box containing a housewife's case and a few clothes, and some mining tools, completed the lads' possessions.

The searchers had found nothing, and were turning to leave when the cripple caught sight of something stuffed between the upper bunk and the rough timbers.

"What's that?" he cried, and drew it out—a piece of wash-leather, the edges freshly cut. With a gasp of rage he drew from his pocket the portion of his belt left by the robbers, and fitted the two pieces—they corresponded exactly!

Coupled with the otherwise unaccountable absence of the Walsh lads, this discovery seemed to fix their guilt.

"They've made tracks with it—with my nugget!" shouted "Hoppy." "After 'em, boys! shoot 'em down, the thieving curs, and five ounces of dust to the man that brings back my 'Golden Dream'!"

In those early days each camp was a law to itself—rough law, with but little leaning to the side of mercy, and for gold-stealing but one penalty—death. Work was abandoned for the time, and bands were dispatched mounted and on foot, to scour the country-side for the holders of the "Hope-On" claim.

The day had become glaringly hot; from the cloudless sky the sun rays poured pitilessly down upon the bare rocks and sandy stretches. In a desolate valley some seven miles from Parker's Gulch, spanned by the ruins of an aqueduct which had once carried water to an old mining camp—long since abandoned—beyond the pines, the "Bros. Walsh" of the sign board were tramping wearily.

"It's a cruel shame, Hal," said the younger, a boy of fifteen, but sturdy and muscular beyond his years. "I wish we had gone on and faced it out. Why should we be flying for our lives when we are quite innocent? They'd never dare to touch us—we've done nothing."

"Bert, old man," said the elder lad, gravely, "if Beeching hadn't been brick enough to warn us as he did, or if any of the others had happened to drop across us first, we should have been shot down on sight. I know these miners better than you—it's shoot first and try afterwards with them."

"But it's awfully hard to lose our claim, and tools and everything, after slaving like niggers for six months, because we happened to tramp over to Fremont town to post our letters home to the old folks just the night this happened," persisted the younger brother.

"Yes; and I thought it such a good plan," replied Hal, "walking in the cool night air, and not having to waste a day's work to go there and back. But who put that leather behind my bunk, I wonder?"

That red-headed brute, Dan Cleaver, I'll go bail," Bert answered sturdily. He has always hated us since you thrashed him for throwing water over me. He must have found it and hidden it in our cabin for spite, or else the thief did."

A little further the two strode on; then Bert Walsh stopped.

"I'm dead-beat, Hal," he said, with something like a groan. "My right foot is bleeding where the boot rubs it, and I can't drag any further; this heat is choking me. Let me hide away in the shade somewhere among those rocks, and you go on."

The poor boy's lips were trembling and his face white and drawn. He had borne the agony of a raw galled heel until he felt faint.

"Good idea, youngster," said his brother. "But you don't think I'm brute enough to leave you, do you? No; you sit down while I hunt for a hiding-place."

He clambered among the huge stones at the foot of the steep slope above them, and in about twenty minutes returned.

"Just the thing," he said cheerily; "a steep climb up to it, but it's quite a cave, nearly high enough to stand up in, and as dark and cool as a well."

He led the way, Bert limping in the rear. They crossed a huge mass of fallen earth, scrambled up a wall of rocks heaped pell-mell, and gained the mouth of the cave, which commanded a clear view of the end of the valley opposite to that by which they had entered.

Bert turned round to see that all was safe as he entered the cavern, and the sight that met his eyes made his heart leap wildly. Not a mile away, just mounting the ridge beyond the valley, he saw a little knot of horsemen, evidently coming toward him.

"Look, Hal—look!" he cried, pointing to the still distant group. "Do you think they saw us?"

Hal shook his head in dubious silence; the figures grew bigger and bigger until at last they surmounted the slope, so near now that their features could almost be distinguished. In front of the rest rode a stalwart fellow whom the fugitives could recognize as "Big Jeff."

Had he seen them? Apparently not, for he drew rein until the others came up with him. Then a consultation took place, the gesturing figures eagerly watched meanwhile by the two brothers.

Presently four of the men dismounted, handed their horses' reins to the rest, and began a careful hunt among the rocks, clambering where horses would have been worse than useless.

Bert gave a groan of despair. "It's all up, Harry," he said. "I don't see how they can miss a large opening like this; see how carefully they work round every group of rocks! We are trapped, old man—I only wish I had a pistol or something to make a fight with!"

His brother would have consoled him, but it was useless.

"No," he said bitterly, "we are to suffer another man's crime. It's unjust, cruelly unjust; and the folks at home may even believe we were guilty when the news reaches them."

"They never will do that—" began Hal, and then stopped suddenly. Down at the base of the pile of rocks in which they were hiding, a man came into view, not a hundred yards distant. He was peering among the crevices and hollows, and was evidently one of the four in quest of the lads. He turned his face toward the watchers, disclosing the long red beard and crafty face of Dan Cleaver.

Next moment there was a hideous roar, the rush of a heavy body, and a giant grizzly bear charged out upon Cleaver from her lair among the rocks!

For an instant the wretched man seemed stupefied, then he took to his heels and ran for his life, followed by the grizzly. Twice the brute reared up to strike him, but missed. He cleared the rough ground, and gained the open valley with his foe not a yard behind him, in full view of the watchers in the cave and of the men with the horses at the head of the valley.

But now the savage brute rose on its hind limbs once more and struck at Cleaver with its ponderous paw a dragging, tearing blow that caught the hapless man in the right thigh. He fell headlong, with a shriek of agony, and the monster was close upon him to make an end, when Jeff's rifle rang out and the bear rolled over and over in its death-spasm.

In a couple of minutes the men were gathered round the prostrate Dan, whose thigh was terribly lacerated and torn. A bandage was improvised and bound round the wound. In securing it, Jeff felt something hard and bulging over his patient's heart. Cutting open his shirt, a linen package was disclosed, bound round Dan's waist by a thin cord. Jeff did not scruple to rip the linen open with his knife's point, and there, shining in the sunlight, was revealed the "Golden Dream" nugget!

Of the excitement that followed, what need to tell? Pete would have shot the thief where he lay groaning and bleeding, but Jeff was peremptory.

"Take him back to camp an' git his wounds dressed first, anyway," he insisted; and the other men were humane enough to support his contention. They were helping the wretched Cleaver to his horse when a shout rang out from above them, and the Walsh brothers appeared at the mouth of their shelter.

"Wal, I'm kinder glad we didn't hev to shoot ye, boys," was Jeff's characteristic greeting when the brothers came up to him. No other apology was offered, but several of the men shook hands with the lads they had come to shoot and they were given lifts behind Jeff and Pete on the journey back to camp.

How fortune smiled on the Walsh lads, and gave them—not nuggets, but a wash of grain gold that sent them home happier and richer to their parents—are not these things common knowledge in the unwritten history of Parker's Gulch?

And Dan Cleaver. Fate was kind to him, in a way, for on the second night after the accident that revealed his crime, he contrived to remove a plank in the timber shanty where he was confined, and made his escape, vanishing for ever from the scene of his treachery.



# Tom Fenwick's Fortune; or, The Gold of Flat Top Mountain.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE.

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("TOM FENWICK'S FORTUNE" was commenced in No. 19. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers.)

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### A SURPRISE FOR MR. PARLIN.



OM and Phil's ride from Ramonas to the Bruton ranch was a delightful one. The sun was well down in the western sky as the two young men rode up to the Bruton ranch.

From the long French windows reaching to the piazza came the sound of a piano, at which Tom pricked up his ears.

"I hope Dolly is up to the times and has a banjo," he said, as they turned their horses' heads up the wide driveway, bordered with a thorn hedge.

John Bruton, seeing the approaching strangers, came out to meet them.

His astonishment was quite as great as his joy, as with some difficulty he recognized in the two well-dressed riders his two cowboys of the previous season.

"I can't thank you, Tom, for all you have done," he said wringing Tom's hand after the first fervor of greeting was over; "but possibly Dolly can—she's in the front room there at the piano—go in and give her a surprise. Phil and I will follow later, after he's told me all about what has happened since we saw you both."

Nothing loath, Tom having brushed off some of the thickest of the dust obeyed with a fast beating heart.

Stepping softly through the long window he saw Dolly sitting at the piano—no longer wearing the unconventional attire of other days but dressed in accord with her changed surroundings.

And as her visitor stood half hesitating how to announce himself Dolly said aloud:

"Poor Tom—I wish I knew just where he was to-day."

"He isn't far off," and as Dolly uttered a little cry of joyous surprise Tom stepped forward.

Deliberately placing his hands on the young girl's shapely shoulders, Tom bent down his head to the beautiful face suddenly upturned and kissed her. I have not the slightest conception of what the two talked about after Tom had briefly explained what had happened since the eventful night of their escape from Blueskin's camp.

It must have been something of the deepest interest because when Phil came in to greet his pretty cousin later on in the evening, Tom and Dolly had been sitting in the dark very near together—so Phil asserts—Dolly having as she blushing explained forgotten to light the big hanging lamp over the centre table.

Mr. Parlin, Tom's stepfather, was staring from his study window with rather an absent air. His fat white hands were clasped under the skirts of his dressing gown and his good-looking but self-satisfied face wore a look that in almost any one else would have been mistaken for half sadness.

Yet, certainly as far as outward appearances are any indication of prosperity, Mr. Parlin had everything to make him contented, that is in the way of this world's goods.

He had excellent health, no debts, and was worth something like half a million dollars. Surely in the ordinary acceptance of the term Mr. Parlin ought to be a happy man.

There was another occupant of the study—a florid keen-eyed individual, who in his quiet suit of black, might have been taken for a prosperous undertaker, or possibly a physician with extensive practice. He was transferring a check for a considerable amount to his pocketbook as Mr. Parlin suddenly turned.

"And so, Piper, you think there is no hope that I shall ever see Tom again alive?" said the latter.

The keen-eyed man shook his head.

"I fear not. As I wrote you, I followed up different clues till I ran your stepson to earth in Lodeville. He slipped me there. Then I heard of him as on some sort of a wild-goose chase after a girl that was stolen by Indians. And following this up I learned beyond the question of a doubt that your stepson was killed by a Mexican half-breed named Montez, out of revenge for some injury—real or fancied—done him by the young man."

Mr. Parlin swallowed a curious lump in his throat as Piper, the detective, was shown out by a servant. Then he walked to the window again.

"Poor Tom! I'd give half I am worth to know he was alive," he murmured, brokenly. "I have been too harsh with him by far, yet I meant it for his own good. I wanted him to give up his roving ideas and settle down to a profession. And because he wouldn't listen, I—— God bless me! who are those?"

The sudden exclamation was caused by the appearance of a couple of mounted horsemen riding leisurely up the gravel walk before the house.

Never but once in all his life had astonished Mr. Parlin seen anything approaching the peculiar costumes of the riders or the caparisoning of their horses. This once was when on a visit to New York he had witnessed a Broadway parade of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. And his first confused impression was that a couple of the troupe, having heard of some disapproving remarks he made at the time regarding such an exhibition, had come to take his scalp.

Half the boys and idlers in town had followed close at the heels of the picturesquely-attired strangers, and clamored for the honor of holding the horses as the riders sprang from the high demi-peak Mexican saddles.

"For goodness sake!" muttered Mr. Parlin, uneasily, "what can these—cowboys, I think they are called—want with me?"

Then it suddenly occurred to him that cowboys, like Indians and similar curiosities, were legitimate productions of the West. Tom had disappeared in the West. Possibly these two had news concerning the particulars of his death.

"Dar's two circis riders down stairs, sah. Dey ask fer a—internal view, sah," said Johnson, the colored hall servant, putting his head inside the door.

"Show them up at once, Johnson."

No wonder that Johnson stared at the two astonishingly-dressed young fellows, whose spurs jingled at every step as they made their way up the broad staircase. Such tremendous brimmed felt hats, such gayly-trimmed jackets, worn over blue shirts, with a red silk handkerchief knotted at the throat, Johnson had never seen! Such high boots, and tightly-fitting breeches, and—Great Scott! how much the older and bigger of the two looked like "Mars Tom that runned away out Wes'!"

Such was Johnson's thought as he ushered the strangers into the study, after which he left the room.

Mr. Parlin cleared his throat. A touch of his usual pomposity showed itself in his speech and manner, as the heavier built of the two, motioning his companion to a seat, coolly dropped into Mr. Parlin's particular easy chair.

"To what am I—er—indebted for this visit—gentlemen?"

The older of the two doffed his sombrero, which he tossed carelessly on the table.

"Well, Mr. Parlin," (Tom had never called him anything else) "how are you? This is my friend Phil Amsted; Phil, this is my stepfather."

Mr. Parlin fell heavily on a convenient lounge. His pleasure at seeing his stepson alive was for the moment swallowed up in his horror at his manner of dress! It must be that the young scapegrace had joined



some sort of a low show. Perhaps even a dime museum. Else he would never have dared to make such an exhibition of himself in his native town.

"I am well, Thomas," returned Mr. Parlin, solemnly. "Meaning in a physical sense. Mentally I am—I am—paralyzed, so to speak, by the sight before me. That you—er—scion of an aristocratic family, should have—er—sunk so low as your motley garb suggests, is—er—terrible."

Phil, who was enjoying the scene with a keen appreciation of it all, shook his head sadly before Tom could reply. And unknitting the red silk handkerchief from his neck, Phil buried his face in its folds with a hysteric sob.

"And to think he might have been a lawyer if he had but heeded your wishes," said wicked Phil. "It is—indeed terrible!"

"Don't be a fool, Phil," exclaimed Tom in an undertone. But Phil was fairly launched.

Stopping Tom, who was about to speak, by a gesture, Phil went on, addressing Mr. Parlin, who stared at him in mute astonishment.

"But, sir, forgive him! Remember, sir," said Phil in impassioned tones, and clapping his hands with an affectation of earnestness, "he is but young. We 'cow punchers' " (here Mr. Parlin groaned) "may be poor, but we are honest. Forty dollars a month and board, is a comparatively small income, especially for Tom, who contemplates matrimony with the daughter of a party also interested in—cattle pursuits. Yet even love in a humble cot—"

"Phil!" again exclaimed his friend, and this time so sharply that Phil was momentarily silenced.

But Mr. Parlin's state of mind can hardly be described. His stepson was a—cow puncher. The name conveyed to his mental vision only the picture of a fantastically attired person driving droves of wild-eyed steers to a stock-yard, as he had once seen in Chicago. And added to it all was a contemplated marriage with one from the same grade of society.

"Thomas!" said Mr. Parlin, with terrible solemnity, "Henceforth I—I wash my hands of you. The money left you by your lamented mother is invested in your name—that shall be made over to you at once. But from this time, Thomas, we are strangers."

"And so," returned Tom in a peculiar voice, "you cast me off—because I have been a worker. Well, I suppose you'll shake hands before I leave you forever."

Under the veneering of Mr. Parlin's pride of name and birth was the real man. And at his stepson's remark a slight conflict took place between the false and the true. He wavered visibly.

"Shake hands! I would do far more than that, Thomas. Indeed, I—I—perhaps I have been hasty. But oh, Thomas, if you had adopted any vocation excepting that of a cow puncher!"

Mr. Parlin pronounced the word almost shudderingly. Phil bravely choked down an inclination to roar. Tom, with a lurking smile, began:

"Mr. Parlin, my chum there has been—"

"Lady and gentleman, sah. I wanted 'em to stop in de parlor, on'y when dey hear 'bout you bein' 'gaged wid—wid—dese yere—" (nodding over his shoulder at Tom and Phil)—"they want to be showed right up."

Of course the interruption proceeded from Johnson.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### CONCLUSION.

Johnson's curiosity was at its highest pitch as he announced the entrance of two more visitors. Seldom, if ever, in Mr. Parlin's well regulated house, where everything moved along in routine order, did anything occur out of the common. And Johnson was greatly exercised at the strange assemblage in Mr. Parlin's study.

"I think I heard something said about 'cow punchers,' Bob Parlin," exclaimed a hearty voice. "Have you forgotten when something like forty odd years ago you and I used to drive cows from pasture, 'way down in Maine,' as the song goes?"

Bob Parlin! Tom stood in dazed silence as, with the words, Mr. John Bruton, as irreproachably dressed as his stepfather himself, entered the room in company with a young lady whose attire, while lacking any element of extreme fashion, was neat and tasteful.

Bob Parlin! This to Robert T. Parlin, Esquire! Tom's wildest fancies had never reached a height from

which even his stepfather's boyhood would admit of a nickname!

"John Bruton! Good Heavens! My old schoolmate, playmate, and—all that sort of thing!"

Only there was nothing melodramatic in Mr. Parlin's welcome! It however lacked nothing in cordiality, and, as Phil afterward said irreverently, "Old Parlin seemed to come to life while he was shaking hands with Uncle Jack."

"And this is my daughter Dolly," said John Bruton, with conscious pride.

Mr. Parlin, sublimely unconscious of the wicked glances that had been passing between the three young people, grasped Dolly's hand with an effusiveness Tom had never expected to see in his usually rather stiff-mannered stepfather.

"Bless you, my child," murmured Mr. Parlin, who possibly had forgotten himself. "Let me—er—kiss you—for your mother." And really he suited the action to the word as though he enjoyed it.

"Oh," he added, turning rather red, "I—er—forgot! This is Mr. Amsted. And this"—indicating Tom, who showed no signs of recognizing Mr. Bruton, "is my stepson Thomas, who has returned like the—er—prodigal stepson, after an absence of months in the West, where I regret to say he has been following the—occupation of—"

"Cowboy, eh?" put in Mr. Bruton, glancing with affected innocence at Tom's fantastic get up. "Well, a good man can make his living at the business easy—that is, if he's steady and unmarried."

Mr. Parlin smiled in a ghastly sort of way.

"I presume you are right, John. But—I had other views for Thomas. And—look here, Bruton," continued Mr. Parlin, dropping his voice, "I suppose a cattle puncher is—er—well, about the lowest grade of employment in the West, is it not?"

John Bruton suppressed a smile.

"Not exactly. In fact, I myself am one on a larger scale, yet I'm rather a wealthy man, despite my winter's losses. But I've sold out my New Mexican ranch to Mr. James Amsted and his son and have come East to live."

Mr. Parlin's astonishment was such that he did not notice pretty Dolly exchanging glances of demure intelligence with his stepson and the young fellow of low tendencies, who himself seemed on the verge of explosion.

"You must—er—excuse me, John," he said, awkwardly, "I—had a—different idea of the meaning of the word."

Then dropping his voice again, Mr. Parlin went on:

"The worst—is to come, Jack. My stepson has rashly engaged himself to some young girl whose—er—relatives, as nearly as I can learn, are in a similar line of business. I do not know her family name, or anything of her antecedents—"

"But I do," cheerfully interrupted Mr. Bruton, "and I'll vouch for the respectability of the entire outfit, as the young girl happens to be my daughter Dolly here."

Poor Mr. Parlin was literally struck speechless, and, as Phil tersely expressed it afterward, "the starch was taken completely out of him."

"Your daughter," he said, faintly, with a bewildered look from the blushing girl to the laughing faces of the others, "I—I—don't understand."

"It's all right," returned Tom, as soon as he could straighten his face. "Phil and I have been humbugging you a bit—that's all. We brought these cowboy rigs with us from the West as mementoes of some experiences you shall hear about later on. I've gone out of the 'cow punching' business altogether. In fact, Phil and I took up gold hunting for a time."

"Gold hunting! You, Thomas!" gasped Mr. Parlin.

"Me. And we were rather luckier than the majority. Three of us struck a claim netting us something like fifty thousand dollars each—that wasn't so very bad, eh?"

In a dazed and feeble sort of way Mr. Parlin said it wasn't. Only it all seemed like a dream.

"Mr. Bruton has told you," Tom went on, with visible confusion, "of—a—the relations which exist between myself and Dolly. We hope some day to—that is, we intend—or rather mean—"

"To get married," put in Phil, by way of relieving his friend's embarrassment.

"That's about the size of it," said John Bruton, slapping Mr. Parlin on the shoulder, "and I suppose you won't withhold your consent, eh, Bob Parlin?"



"And perhaps you won't cast me off—or wish us to be strangers," laughed Tom.

"And you'll try and love me a little for Tom's sake," said Dolly, shyly, as she slipped her fingers into bewildered Mr. Parlin's hand.

"And you won't think any worse of me for being a 'cow puncher,'" added Phil, gravely.

Well, Mr. Parlin managed to stammer a reply to each and all of these interrogations. Then the party returned to the hotel where Tom and Phil resumed their wonted apparel, to the great disappointment of the crowd which had assembled. But when Tom himself was recognized as one of their own townsmen, and the stepson of wealthy Mr. Parlin, and, it was whispered, he had returned with a vast fortune after passing through the most wonderful adventures, enthusiasm knew no bounds.

That evening a happy group assembled at Mr. Parlin's house, where Tom for his stepfather's benefit, gave a brief account of the more important incidents in his varied experiences since leaving home.

But not until afterward did it occur to Tom to write down in detail the story I have written, partly for his own amusement, and partly, as he told me afterward, with a vague hope that it might appear some day in print.

From Tom's manuscript I have drawn the facts embodied in the story you have read, putting them into my own language, and making such changes of name and locality as seemed best under the circumstances.

And thus the story itself has drawn to a close.

Tom and his stepfather understand each other now, and though the young fellow still refuses to take up the legal calling, for which he says he is utterly unfitted, Tom is studying civil engineering. For he says that no matter how much money one has or may have, a profession of some kind is almost a necessity if only to keep one out of mischief.

Not that Tom is mischievously inclined in the sense implied by his use of the word so far as my acquaintance with him has ever shown. He is a trifle erratic and his old wandering spirit of adventure sometimes prompts him to "kick over the traces"—so he says; but Dolly's influence over him is for good, and now that he has settled down to work with an object in life (two—including Dolly) Tom is gradually getting in train for future usefulness.

Mr. Bruton has bought a house near the Parlin estate.

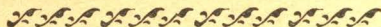
The schoolboy friendship renewed between himself and Mr. Parlin grows stronger as the days go on and the latter seems already to regard Dolly in the light of a daughter.

It is understood, I believe, that Tom and Dolly are to be married when the former shall attain his majority—some time the ensuing year. And I am told the young couple purpose on their wedding trip to visit Phil and his father, who have quietly settled down on the ranch in New Mexico purchased from John Bruton.

Since the story of Flat Top Mountain has leaked out, talk has been made in different quarters of organizing a stock company with a view to contriving some plan for getting through the deposit of ashes and lava which have hardened over the debris of the volcanic formation in a seemingly impenetrable mass.

Dutch Geary has been interviewed, and a large sum offered him to head a party to thus try and recover the buried gold lead. But his answer is brief and to the point. "No you don't—not if Mr. William Geary know himself! I haf my wife, Nanita, and der ranch to look after, and so much money as I shall use for my life. So I don't wants not'ing more to do mit der Gold of Flat Top Mountain."

[THE END.]



# A YOUNG BREADWINNER;

OR,

## GUY HAMMERSLEY'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

The Story of a Brave Boy's Struggle for Fame in the Great Metropolis.

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

(Copyrighted, American Publishers' Corporation.)

("A YOUNG BREADWINNER" was commenced in No. 22. Back numbers can be obtained of all newsdealers.)

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### LONE POINT.

IT may readily be believed that the three boys found much to chat about that night before they finally fell asleep.

"Talk about your fairy stories and tales from the 'Arabian Nights!'" said Ward. "The idea that a boy of ten should be able to earn three times as much money as a chap seven years older seems utterly preposterous."

Be this as it might, it was a most fascinating possibility to the person most intimately concerned, and Harold woke up the next morning in such boundless good spirits that he roused his two companions by opening hostilities in a pillow fight. He calmed down, however, when he reached the theater with Guy, and became very business-like.

Shepard was there to receive them and took the boy off at once to a tailor's to have him measured for his suits.

"This rehearsal will be an all-day job, with a rest for lunch," Shepard told Guy at parting. "I'll take Harold home with me at noon for that, so you needn't bother about him. Will deliver him to you all right

when you call for him at the theater at quarter past five."

"Don't work him too hard now," was Guy's caution, as he started for the office.

Here he found an important commission awaiting him.

"Guy," said Mr. Clarke, as he entered, "I think I shall have to ask you to go up on the New Haven road this morning. Mrs. Westmore and her daughter want to see the Warburton place up there at Rye. Both Mr. Kenworthy and myself have engagements we cannot break, and Bert has to go over on the West side. So here is sufficient for car fare and incidentals. You can get a carriage to take you over the place from the station. It is quite a distance, I believe. Old Mr. Warburton lives there, but you can make out a permit. You will find full information about terms of sale in this book," and Mr. Clarke put his finger on a volume on top of his desk.

Guy took down the book, and, finding the proper entry, discovered some facts about "Lone Point," which was the name given to the property, which fired him with eager curiosity to see it for himself.

It was situated on Long Island Sound, comprised twenty acres in all, the house was built of stone, and, judging from the sectional view given in the descrip-



tion, must be extremely handsome. The price asked was very high, and the reason for selling, illness of the owner's wife, which forced him to take up his residence in the South of France.

From Bert, Guy ascertained that the Westmores were people from Ohio, who had struck oil literally within the past few months, and were anxious to purchase a handsome country-seat along the Sound.

"Oh, they're not upstarts, as most of these newly rich are apt to be," Arlington hastened to add. "They've had money before, but not so much. Here they come now."

A handsome brougham drew up before the door and a young lady, apparently not more than sixteen, stepped out, followed by an older one, although the latter did not seem much past middle life.

"My, she's as pretty as a picture. You're in luck, Guy," whispered Bert, as the two entered the office.

But Guy seemed not to hear. His brows were knit in profound thought as he asked himself the question, "Whom does that girl look like, and where have I seen her before?" He could give himself no satisfactory answer to either question, and tried to banish it from his mind as Mr. Clarke introduced him to the ladies and explained that he was to be their guide to Lone Point.

"I shall make papa change the name if he buys it," asserted Miss Amy. "Ur-r-r, it makes me shudder every time I hear it mentioned."

Guy was invited to occupy the extra seat in the front of the brougham, and the coachman ordered to drive to the Grand Central Station. Although it was a winter's day the sun shone bright and our hero anticipated no small degree of pleasure from his outing. Candor compels us to add that he experienced this sensation more strongly when his eyes rested for an instant on his fellow occupants in the carriage than when he took note of the weather.

Mrs. Westmore had a good many questions to ask concerning the house and grounds of the estate they were going to inspect.

"Mr. Westmore is so busy downtown," she explained, "that he doesn't care to take the time to see the place unless he is certain first that it will suit Amy and myself."

Guy, thanks to his study of the plans and maps, was enabled to answer most of the questions put to him, and by the time they reached the station, Mrs. Westmore and her daughter knew as much about Lone Point as he did himself. In exchange, as it were, Guy had learned that Miss Amy had a brother Ridley, two years older than herself, who was passionately fond of driving, and who had charged them to see that the roads at Rye were good ones.

The mention of this fact solved the mystery.

"I know now where I have seen this girl," said Guy to himself. "Night before last, going into the Criterion Theater with the fellow who drives that T-cart. He's the person she looks like, and must be her brother."

It was queer. He seemed bound to run across this fellow in one way or another. At any rate he had now found out his name—Ridley Westmore. And here was Guy, riding in the same carriage with his sister, and only two nights before he had taken two steps behind them, to try and imagine that he was enjoying his old-time privileges!

On reaching Rye, after a pleasant trip on the cars, Guy hired a hack in waiting at the station, and ordered the man to drive to the Warburton place.

Both Amy and her mother were very favorably impressed with the appearance of the country, and the former declared that Ridley could not fail to be pleased with the facilities for driving. A ride of some twenty minutes brought them at last to the borders of the Sound, and presently the carriage turned in at an imposing gateway and bowled along an avenue that must have been beautiful indeed when the trees that bordered it were in leaf.

The house, which could be seen a considerable distance away, was built of gray stone, and bore a strong resemblance to some European castle, or rather to that idea of it which is generally prevalent in this country. It stood clear out on the end of the point, the waves of the Sound washing the walls of the driveway closely on either side.

"How do you like it, Amy?" asked her mother.

"It must be lovely in summer," was the girl's answer—"with the name changed."

"It seems very quiet all about here," went on Mrs.

Westmore. "I should think it would take a good many servants to run a place like this."

But when they reached the house, and Guy sprang out to press the electric button beside the massive front door, there was no response. Three times Guy rang, and then Mrs. Westmore asked the driver if everybody had gone away.

"Don't know much about this place up to the village," was his answer. "There's a weddin' of a butler's daughter over to Mamaroneck at Mr. Arnold's. P'raps all the help have gone there."

At this instant Amy exclaimed:

"Look, mother, up at that window yonder. There's an old gentleman making signs to us."

But now he had raised the window and was calling down: "Did you come to see Mr. Warburton?"

"No, not exactly," replied Guy, coming out from the portico to stand under the second story window, out of which the old gentleman was leaning. "These ladies have come with me from Messrs. Kenworthy & Clarke's, to see the house with a view to purchasing."

"Oh, so sorry," returned the old gentleman. "The servants are all out."

"Why doesn't he come down and open the door himself?" whispered Amy to her mother.

"But won't they be back soon?" asked Guy, feeling not a little chagrined to think that he had piloted the ladies all this distance on a wild-goose chase.

"That is uncertain; I cannot say positively," responded the old gentleman, who, as much as they could see of him, had a distinguished, even a military bearing. "But perhaps you can get in, after all. Is there not a rubber mat in front of the door?"

"Yes," answered Guy, beginning to be considerably mystified.

"Well, lift the—let me see—the northeast corner of it," went on the old gentleman "and I think you will find the key there. I believe that is where Max leaves it. And when you have opened the door, if you will be kind enough to replace it, I shall be much obliged."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### MAJOR WARBURTON INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

"What an extraordinary person!" whispered Amy, as the old gentleman craned his neck out of the window to an alarming extent in order to see that Guy properly carried out his instructions.

Before doing so, however, the latter looked questioningly at Mrs. Westmore.

"Yes, I don't see why we shouldn't go in," she answered in response to the glance. "I suppose the old gentleman is a member of the family and thinks it beneath his dignity to come down and open the door for us."

"He's Mr. Warburton's father, I think," returned Guy, as he proceeded to carry out directions.

He found the key on the spot designated, but before opening the door stepped back to assist the ladies out to the carriage and ascertain at what hour they wished the driver to return for them.

"Oh, can't he wait?" asked Mrs. Westmore.

"Yes, if you like," returned Guy; "but the next train back doesn't leave till 12:10, and it is just eleven now."

"Permit me," broke in the voice of the old gentleman at this juncture. "Our horses do not receive exercise enough. I shall be most charmed to have Thomas take you all back in the wagonette."

"Oh, no," protested Mrs. Westmore, while Amy shook her head vigorously. "I couldn't think of putting you to so much trouble."

"No trouble, but pleasure, I assure you," insisted the old gentleman, and as he immediately disappeared from the window, evidently with the intention of giving the order to the coachman at once, there was no chance for further expostulation.

Thus there was nothing left for it but to pay and dismiss the man who had brought them over, after which Guy opened the door, and as the ladies passed in replaced the key under the corner of the rubber mat where he had found it. He then hastened into the house, closing the door behind him.

The hall was large and extremely ornate, with a huge fireplace at one side and the stairs coming down at one end in a series of graceful curves. Wide doorways, with heavy plush hangings, gave glimpses of beautifully furnished rooms on either hand, while a



broad window at one end, with a seat running its entire width, looked out on the Sound.

But not a soul was visible, and a silence, almost portentous, reigned throughout the mansion.

"Why, where's the old gentleman?" Amy wanted to know. "Why doesn't he come to meet us?"

"Perhaps he's gone to the stable," Mrs. Westmore suggested laughingly. "But never mind the old gentleman, my dear. Use your eyes, so you can report to father and Ridley what the place looks like."

The house was truly magnificent. Everything was in perfect order, all the ornaments out just as if the entire family were at home. Even the clocks were going. Both Mrs. Westmore and her daughter seemed greatly pleased, and when they crossed the hall, and, passing down a short corridor hung with tapestry, entered a wing used as a dining-room, they became positively enthusiastic.

There was an outlook from two sides on the Sound, the ceiling was composed of a beautiful piece of fresco work, while in size the room was large enough to "give a german in," as Amy put it.

"I am so anxious to see upstairs," she said. "Where all is so lovely down here, I know the bedrooms must be too sweet for anything."

"Shall we go up now?" asked Guy, as they reached the main hall again.

"Yes, do," pleaded the girl. "We can leave the kitchen and all that till afterwards."

So the broad staircase was mounted, and there at the top stood the old gentleman, leaning over a gate such as is used to keep small children from tumbling down.

"So sorry I couldn't be with you to show you around downstairs," he began, as they came to a standstill with the gate between them. "But that confounded Max—beg pardon, ladies, but he is terribly exasperating at times—he has locked this affair too, from mere force of habit, for all the children are out."

"But why do they lock it at all?" Mrs. Westmore wanted to know.

"Oh, it's just Max's forgetfulness. If you" (turning to Guy) "would be kind enough to step back a few feet you may find the key in one of the turns of the stairway next the wall."

"Well, this is the queerest series of proceedings that ever came to my notice," muttered Guy to himself, as he retreated and began to fumble about on the stairs.

He soon found the key, and having unlocked the gate, stood aside for the ladies to pass. Meanwhile the old gentleman was bowing and scraping in the upper hall.

"Major Warburton, mesdames," he was saying. "At your service. And so pained that you should have happened to arrive at such an inopportune moment, with all the servants away. Pray allow me to show you at once to your rooms."

Mother and daughter exchanged a startled glance on hearing this. What did he mean by speaking of "their rooms," as though they were visitors? But then he had gone on ahead, thrown open a door, and such an alluring prospect peeped forth that they decided they must have misunderstood and hurried in after him.

They now found themselves in a beautiful apartment, looking out over the Sound. It was furnished throughout in pink, and the absence of a bed proclaimed the fact that it must be a sitting-room.

Major Warburton now insisted that the ladies should lay aside their wraps and remove their bonnets, asserting that the house was very warm, which was indeed the case, and he seemed to take it so to heart when they declined that they were finally fain to comply, and were rewarded with a most courtly bow as the old gentleman took the articles from their hands and placed them on a three-cornered table.

"Charming!" commented Mrs. Westmore, taking in the view from the different windows.

"Is it not," assented the major, and stepping to her side he began to point out some of the localities on the opposite shore of the Sound.

Meanwhile Amy had discovered a cabinet with a glass face containing some beautiful specimens of embroidery. She called Guy's attention to them and the two were endeavoring to study out the meaning of an intricate design, when Major Warburton's voice, raised to a slightly louder pitch than before, attracted their attention.

"Why, of course, madam, you are to become my

guest," he was saying. "But excuse me one moment," and before any one comprehended what he intended doing, he had turned, run out of the room, closed the door behind him and turned the key in the lock.

The three inside looked at one another with expressions on their faces which not one of them will ever forget. Only for an instant, though, did they stand thus transfixed.

"Mother," gasped Amy, rushing across the room to clasp Mrs. Westmore around the neck. "What does this mean. Why did he go out of the room in that way and lock the door. What were you saying to him?"

But surprise and terror combined had so far overcome Mrs. Westmore that she could not at the moment make any reply. She sank down on a divan behind her and mutely beckoned for Guy to approach. The latter had already sprung to the door and tried it. But he found it firmly secured.

"Is that the only exit?" Mrs. Westmore asked him in a horror-stricken voice. "The man is crazy. I ought to have seen it before. All his oddness is explained now."

While she was speaking Guy had hurried across the room toward a curtain that hung at the farther end, and which he had just observed.

"Yes, here is a door," he cried exultantly; and instantly the other two had flown to his side.

It was a portiere, and beyond it lay a bedroom, most completely furnished, and, what was more to the purpose under present circumstances, with three doors.

Guy sprang at the first of these and pulled at the knob. But it resisted his efforts. The next he found opened, but it led only to a large cedar closet. The third one was ajar and gave access to a perfectly appointed bath-room, which had no other door.

He turned back from this last trial with a blank face.

"We are prisoners, then?" said Mrs. Westmore, scarcely able to pronounce the words.

She was leaning against the window sash in the bedroom, and as she ceased speaking turned almost instinctively and looked down. It was all of twenty feet to the ground and an area-way of stone giving entrance to the kitchen, ran along just underneath.

"Don't be disturbed, Mrs. Westmore," said Guy, trying to inspire that hope in others which he was far from feeling himself. "Surely we shan't be obliged to stay here very long."

"But it is dreadful to have to stay at all," returned the poor lady. "And even if he does let us out soon, what fate may await us? I do not know but I would rather stay here than see him again."

"I know I shall die if I do," moaned Amy, who was quite unnerved, and stood beside her mother twisting her fingers in and out of one another in a way that was truly pitiable.

At that instant the major's voice was heard in the other room. He was evidently looking for them, and, judging from his tones, was by no means in so pleasant a humor as he had been when he promised to send the party back in his carriage.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### GUY FINDS SOMETHING UNEXPECTEDLY.

"Why did you lock that front door when you came in?" the old gentleman was calling out, repeating the phrase over and over, as is the habit with those whose minds are unbalanced.

Poor Amy, nearly fainting with terror, fell prostrate on the divan in the bay window, with her mother at her side trying to keep her courage up.

"Don't be frightened," said Guy. "I don't think he's of the sort to grow suddenly violent. If possible, don't let him see that you are afraid of him. What I can't understand is what he means by my locking the door. How could I do that when I put the key under the rug outside, as he told me to?"

By this time the major had reached the room where they were. As soon as he saw them he walked straight up to Guy, and taking him by the lapels of his coat, looked him straight in the eye as he demanded:

"Let me have that key out of your pocket!"

"What key?" asked Guy, in order to gain time.

"The key to the front door, to be sure."

"I haven't got it, Major Warburton. I left the door unlocked, and put the key under the mat, as you told me to," replied Guy, firmly, but respectfully.



"But the door is locked," insisted the old gentleman, "and you must have done it. I want that key, or I cannot go out to the stable and order the carriage."

Mrs. Westmore spoke up at this point.

"Major Warburton," she said, "I can testify that this young man disposed of that key exactly as you requested him to do."

"Then, madam," responded the major, bowing low, "all I have to say is that some one has found it and made us all prisoners."

Mrs. Westmore flashed a glance at Guy, which was meant to express: "Do you believe him?"

This was just the question that was puzzling the young real estate clerk. He knew that the insane are fearfully cunning, and yet, if the door below had been open, and the major's aim had been to get out, as undoubtedly it was, why should he not have made his escape if the door had been in the condition in which Guy had left it?

On the other hand, who could have locked it? If it had been some one connected with the household, it was strange that he or she had not made an investigation into the cause of the door being open.

"But surely there must be some other way of getting out," went on Mrs. Westmore. Then, glancing at her watch, she added: "We must find it pretty soon, or we shall miss our train."

"Madam," rejoined the old gentleman, again bowing in his stately fashion, "I cannot think of allowing my guests to depart by any other than the front door."

As he spoke he turned suddenly and went out as swiftly as he had done before again fastening the door behind him.

"I cannot understand how that door came to be locked," muttered Guy, and he then gave his reasons for believing that the major had told the truth about it.

"But it is unaccountable to me," returned Mrs. Westmore, "that a man in such a condition should be left by himself in this way. It seems really criminal."

"I dare say this is the first time it ever happened," rejoined Guy. "Doubtless the wedding the driver told us about was one that all the servants here, wished to attend, thinking no harm could come to their charge in the brief time of their absence. This leads me to hope that they will soon be back and let us out."

"But meanwhile that man may murder us all," put in Amy. "Can't we lock ourselves in till the servants come back?"

"I think not. There is no bolt on the door if I remember right," replied Guy, stepping across the floor to investigate. "No, I'm right. But you need have no fears, Miss Westmore. You can see for yourself he is not violent."

Nevertheless, it was by no means a pleasant situation, although their imprisonment was in what might be called a gilded cage. The sun poured down a golden radiance on the sparkling waters of the Sound, and the whole place looked singularly beautiful, even at this season of the year.

But to this not one of the three gave a thought. Amy sat in one of the broad windows, with her face pressed against the pane, looking out with unseeing eyes. Her mother occupied a rocking chair in the center of the room, glancing from her daughter to Guy, who was pacing the floor with knit brow.

"I wonder if I am responsible for this?" he was thinking. "These ladies were sent here in my charge, but then who would have thought we were to be received by a lunatic?"

At this point Amy sprang up from her seat with the exclamation:

"Look there, at that party in the sailboat! Can't

we attract their attention in some way, and get them to come to our rescue?" and forthwith she began to wave her handkerchief frantically.

The men in the boat, which was about a hundred yards from shore, responded by waving theirs, and soon passed out of sight.

"It's no use to do that, Amy," said her mother. "they think you are only saluting them."

"Some of the servants must be back very shortly," added Guy. "Perhaps we may be able to take the train we wanted, after all."

"If we had only allowed that driver to come back for us!" sighed Mrs. Westmore.

Then ensued another silence, which each of the three, although none so expressed it, feared might be broken any moment by Major Warburton. Time dragged by, and, finding that conversation was an inspirer of hope, Mrs. Westmore began to talk to Guy, first of their situation, and when that subject was exhausted, of himself.

"Your name," she said, "while rather an odd one, is very familiar to me. My cousin married a Mr. Franklyn Hammersley."

"Why, that was my father's name!" exclaimed Guy, almost springing out of the chair he had taken near the center table.

"I wonder if it can be the same," said Mrs. Westmore, scarcely less excited than was Guy. "Was your father a Western man?"

"Yes; I was born in Glendale, a suburb of Cincinnati," answered Guy. "I knew very few of my mother's relatives. She died when I was only a baby."

"Then you must be my second cousin—let me see if I can recall your name;" and, with a hand outstretched toward him, Mrs. Westmore bent her head in deep thought. Only for an instant, then she raised it with the exclamation: "Guy. I just remember hearing they had decided to name the boy Guy. And you are Guy, are you not?"

"Yes, that's my name;" and the fellow felt slightly embarrassed as he submitted to having both hands clasped by his new found relative.

"Well, this is queer enough," remarked Mrs. Westmore, when she had informed Amy of her discovery. "Ridley will be delighted, I am sure, to find a cousin in New York so near his own age."

"That's so," reflected Guy. "She doesn't realize all the queeriness of it, my turning out to be related to the fellow I've run across so often in such an odd way."

Amy seemed to become suddenly shy of the young real estate clerk, transformed into her third cousin. She blushed when he looked at her, as indeed Guy did himself, and the new order of things promised to separate rather than bring them together, when the key was heard to turn in the lock of the door, and the latter opened to admit Major Warburton.

"Oh, save me from him!" cried the impulsive girl, fleeing to Guy and clasping his arm with both hands.

"Hush!" cautioned Guy; "don't let him see that he terrifies you." Then raising his voice, but still addressing her, he continued: "It was nothing but a mouse scampering across the floor, Miss Westmore."

"Oh, have those pests got in here?" exclaimed the old gentleman. "I must see that Max has traps set. May I have the honor?" and he offered his arm to Mrs. Westmore.

Guy, by an expressive look, indicated that she should take it, and then tendered his to Amy, as he whispered: "This may give us an opportunity to escape."

So this strange lunch party filed out of the apartment, crossed the hall, and descended the stairs to the stately dining-room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





# THE TREASURE OF ISORA;

OR,

## The Giant Islanders of Tiburon.

BY BROOKS McCORMICK,

Author of "How He Won," Etc., Etc.

(Copyrighted, American Publishers' Corporation).

("THE TREASURE OF ISORA" was commenced last week.)

### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Landy Ridgefield, living in the town of Channelpport, while asleep at home one night, hears an usual noise down stairs. He goes outside and makes an investigation, finding that the house has been entered. The accomplice of the intruder escapes just as the other passes a small tin trunk through a window. Landy promptly receives the box and conceals it in the cellar. On returning above he finds that the supposed burglar has disappeared. After a futile search Landy carries the trunk upstairs and awakens his father, Captain Ridgefield.

### CHAPTER III.

#### STRATEGY IN THE DARKNESS.



CAPTAIN RIDGEFIELD was master of the schooner Albatross, and it was no new experience for him to be called at any hour of the night; but his wife had never kept a watch on board of the vessel, and she was not disturbed even by the vigorous summons of her son at the door.

"What's the matter, Landy? Are you sick?" demanded the captain, with no little anxiety in his tones.

"No, sir; not a bit. I want you to come into the office and bring your keys with you," replied Landy in a low tone when he found that his mother was not awake.

"What do you mean Landy? But don't make any noise to wake your mother for she didn't go to sleep till after midnight," added the captain.

"I will tell you in the office, and I have no time to spare," said the son, as he retreated from the door and went into the office.

Captain Ridgefield partly dressed himself without making any noise, and hastened to join his son, who stood by the front window with the tin trunk in his hand.

"What are you about at this time of night, Landy?" asked the captain as he entered the office, and made out the form of his son at the window.

"There have been big doings in this house to-night, father, but I have not time now to tell you about it, for there is a fellow outside waiting for me. He has been in the house, has taken your tin trunk, and—"

"Taken my tin trunk!" exclaimed the captain of the Albatross, breaking in upon the hurried narrative. "That trunk contained over a thousand dollars!"

"But it is all right, father. Here it is," interposed Landy, as he placed the trunk in the hands of his father. "It is all right, and it has not been opened. The fellow that took it set the house on fire and if I hadn't been watching him, we should have been burnt out before this time."

"Set the house on fire! Who could he be?" demanded the captain, almost paralyzed by the announcement.

"I haven't the least idea who he is; but I am going to find out if I have any luck at all. I haven't a bit of time to talk about it, and I want you to open that trunk, and take everything out of it," continued the son in hurried tones, and with a great deal of impatience in his manner, for he feared that the fellow at the barn would take wings and fly away, like the riches which had been within his grasp.

"Take all the things out! What is all that for?" asked the captain, bewildered by the news and the strange request of the boy, though at home he was regarded as quite as much of a man as his father.

"I can't stop to talk about it, and there will be

time enough for that by and by," persisted Landy, as he lighted a lamp on the mantel.

"But you are not going out alone to meet a man who is wicked enough to rob the house and then set it on fire," remonstrated the father, to whom the son was as the "apple of his eye."

"There will be no danger, for I don't think I shall have to tackle him; and if I do I think I can handle him. I am going to play a game on him, and there is no danger in it. But he will get away from me if I fool here all night. Open the box, father, and take out the things."

By the light of the lamp, for the combustibles in the fireplace had burned out, the captain saw where the fire had been kindled on the floor and the burnt leg of the desk. The tin trunk had been locked up in the desk, and his son had just given it to him, proving that he had obtained it from some other place, and he could not help seeing that his son had acted with promptness and prudence, since he had recovered the property and put out the fire.

He put the trunk on the desk, though not till he had satisfied himself the lock had not been broken; and without asking any more questions he took all his papers and money from the inside of his treasure box. Unlocking a drawer at the side of the desk, he put his valuables into it.

"Don't you think I had better go with you Landy?" suggested his father, after he had emptied the tin trunk, and the son had taken possession of it.

"That would utterly spoil my game, father, as I could show you easy enough if I had the time to tell you all about it; and I might as well not go out at all if I can't go alone," replied Landy earnestly.

"All right, my boy; you shall have your own way," said the captain.

Landy adjusted the hood on his head, for he had taken it off.

"Now you can lock the front door after me when I go out, though lightning don't strike twice in the same place," he said, as he left the office with the tin trunk in his hand.

"Can't you find your hat?" asked the captain as he followed his son to the front door.

"I like this hood better, for it will hide my face if I wish to do so," replied Landy as he passed out at the door.

The captain's son was entirely satisfied with himself, for he believed that he had hit upon the right plan to accomplish his purpose; and his father had not made half as much opposition to his plan as he had expected.

Captain Ridgefield did not go to bed again, for he had a great deal to think of and wonder about; and he was very anxious for the safety of his son, for in spite of what the boy had said he regarded his undertaking as decidedly dangerous.

Landy had not been gone ten minutes before he was very sorry that he had permitted him to leave the



house alone, though he had abundant confidence in his skill, discretion and ability to take care of himself. Landy went to a point where he could not be seen to get another view of the barn, and he discovered the fellow he had seen before just where he had left him, though his movements indicated that he was more uneasy than before.

Getting into the street in front of the house, the wall sheltered him from the observation of the burglar, and he made his way to the next house, not more than twenty rods from that of his father.

Getting over the wall at a point where he was sure the expectant watcher at his father's barn could not see him, he walked through the orchard to the pasture where he began to move toward the anticipated scene of action. When he had reached a point directly in the rear of the barn, over which the burglar was doing duty as sentinel, he changed his course again, and approached his father's house.

This soon brought him into the orchard, though there were no trees very near the barn, and it was no longer necessary, in carrying out his plan, to be as cautious as he had been in his desire to conceal from the enemy the fact that he came out of the doomed house. He deposited the tin trunk in the lower branches of a Porter apple tree, and then boldly approached the barn, confident that the watcher must soon see him.

When he came to a rock, he made noise enough to attract the attention of the sentinel, by apparently stumbling over it, and the result satisfied him that he had accomplished his purpose, for the watcher broke into a run to meet him.

But Landy had a plan of his own, and he did not readily fall into that of the enemy; and instead of waiting the coming of the watcher, he followed his example, broke into a run, and retreated in all haste from him.

He ran till he had reached about the middle of the orchard, thus drawing the enemy from the vicinity of the house, a movement calculated to increase the courage of the operator.

When he was out of hailing distance of the house he relaxed his speed, though he still kept up the semblance of running, but made little progress ahead.

"Livy!" shouted the late sentinel at the barn.

His pursuer did just what Landy desired him to do, and just what he had maneuvered to make him do—speak out loud; and though he was not at all sure, he had a suspicion to whom the voice belonged.

"Is that you, Livy?" shouted the burglar.

"Of course it is," replied Landy.

"Where is the tin trunk?" he asked, as he came nearer.

"I have it all right."

The burglar continued to approach him.

"It is safe enough," replied the captain's son, muffling the hood about his face so as to give a different sound to his voice.

"Safe enough!" exclaimed the principal operator, in a tone of contempt and disgust. "Haven't you got it with you?"

"No, I have not," answered Landy, stuffing a portion of the hood into his mouth.

"What have you done with it?" demanded the other, angrily.

"It is here in the orchard, and I can put my hand on it at any minute," said Landy, indulging in a fit of coughing the more effectually to disguise his voice.

"Well, put your hand on it this very minute, before you breathe again," stormed the burglar, very impatiently. "If you have lost that box you had better have lost your head."

"I haven't lost it; I know just where it is," muttered Landy, with another spasm of coughing. "Come with me, and I will give it to you; but don't speak another word when you are near the barn."

Landy started for the Porter apple tree where he had deposited the trunk. He had taken the measure of the burglar, and satisfied himself that he was only a boy not more than sixteen years old, and not much larger than himself. There was something familiar in the tone of his voice, and the captain's son was almost sure he knew him, though in the excitement of the moment he had not been able to settle the question to his entire satisfaction.

He walked very rapidly and the burglar followed him, taking his advice not to say anything in the vicinity of the barn, though he did not ask the reason for this silence.

Landy took the box from the tree, and handed it to his companion.

His father had locked it as soon as he had taken the money and papers from it, for Landy did not care to have him open it in his presence, and make the discovery that it was empty. He had put two or three old pamphlets and some newspapers into it before the key was turned and removed, so that it would appear to be in its original condition if it were shaken.

"That's all right," said the burglar, when he had taken the trunk, and given it a shake to satisfy himself that the contents had not been disturbed.

"Don't say a word here," said the captain's son in an impressive whisper, as he moved away from the tree, taking the cart path that led to the river.

"Why not? There is no one here to hear us," said the possessor of the trunk, in a low tone.

"Don't you believe it," said Landy, as he quickened his pace.

The principal followed him till he reached the pasture back of the orchard; and here he was no longer inclined to preserve the silence which had been imposed upon him.

"Now, where have you been for the last two hours, Livy?" demanded the custodian of the trunk, as he seated himself on a rock, and began to shake the box as though he was not quite satisfied that the treasure it contained was all right.

By this time the principal had recovered his self-possession, and spoke in the natural tones of his voice, which were almost as familiar to Landy as those of his father.

His first suspicion was fully confirmed, not only by the sound of his voice, but by his form and movements; and he no longer had a doubt that the chief operator of the night was Duncan Wellpool, commonly called by the boys and others by the ill-sounding name of "Dunk." He had the reputation of being a "bad 'un," and his reputation did not belie his character, though no one in the town would have believed him capable of the deeds which Landy had discovered him in the act of committing.

He was a bully of a pronounced description, and the boys were generally afraid of him, for he was a stout fellow, and like Landy, he had sailed with his father in the Vulture, of which Captain Wellpool was the owner and commander.

Some relations between the families of the two captains had compelled Landy to associate with Dunk a great deal more than he would have done under other circumstances, and, unlike most of his companions, he was not at all afraid of him: in fact, he had a certain contempt for him which was as far as possible from anything like fear.

Dunk had been waiting in the vicinity of the barn a couple of hours for the reappearance of his associate, whose long absence had not improved his temper, and he was not in an amiable mood when he seated himself on the rock, evidently tired after his long patrol.

Landy thought it expedient to have another fit of coughing when he was asked in a very savage tone where he had been for the last two hours, for he was not quite prepared for this question.

"I have got an awful cold cruising about here in the night, with my feet wet," said Landy, still choking with the cough.

"What did you cruise about for then? I told you to stay by the barn till I came, and you have been wandering all over creation," replied Dunk, in a very ill-natured tone.

"I haven't been far from here," replied Landy, keeping at a considerable distance from his crusty companion, though a couple of large trees near the rock threw a favoring gloom over the spot.

Dunk held the tin trunk up before him and then shook it violently; and whether he heard any movement or not of the rubbish it contained, he was clearly not satisfied with the situation as it existed at that moment.

"Why don't you tell me where you have been, Livy?" demanded Dunk.

"I haven't been any farther from the house than we are now," replied Landy, in the hoarsest tones he could command, and interspersing his words with an occasional cough.

"I know what you have been about, Livy," said Dunk, as he shook the tin trunk again.

"I am glad you do; it will save me the trouble of



telling you when I can hardly speak," answered Landy, still keeping up all his precaution.

"You have opened this box and taken all the money out of it," said Dunk, still shaking the box, as he rose from his seat on the rock.

"If I have, I have," coughed Landy.

"You can't deny it!"

"No use to deny it to you; but I haven't opened the box since it came out of the house."

Dunk was not satisfied.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### LANDY RIDGEFIELD'S PRISONER.

When Dunk Wellpool rose from his seat on the rock, and moved toward his companion, Landy retreated far enough to keep a reasonable distance between them, for he did not care to be closely scrutinized even in the gloom beneath the trees.

"You have been off somewhere to get the box open and you have taken out the money, and left the papers," persisted Dunk, shaking the box again.

"You say I have, and I say I haven't. Why don't you open the box and settle the matter at once? The box is just exactly as it was when it came out of the house," protested Landy, for he didn't deem it prudent to be too free with the bully.

"I can't open it; I haven't any key," growled Dunk.

"Where do you think I got the key to open it? Does it look as though it had been broken open?"

Dunk could not answer this question, but the long absence of his companion was still very suspicious to him, though he could not explain how the box had been opened.

"Well, why didn't you meet me at the barn as I told you?" demanded Dunk, when he found his suspicion bothered him.

"I told you it was not safe for me to do so."

"Wasn't it as safe for you as it was for me?"

"It wasn't safe for you and I can't see why there hasn't been an awful row about here before this time," replied Landy, ready to bring the business to a head, for he had ascertained who the burglar was, and he could point him out to the town constable in the morning without any further trouble with him.

"Why don't you tell me what you mean?" snapped Dunk.

"I mean that I met a fellow close to the house and then I didn't let the grass grow under my feet."

"You met a fellow!" exclaimed Dunk, starting back with astonishment and terror.

"I didn't exactly meet him, but I saw him on the driveway when I was near the front gate and I didn't wait to say 'Good-morning' to him."

"Who was he?" gasped Dunk.

"How should I know?"

"Were did he come from?"

"I don't know. I was down in the street, looking at the front of the house and when I came back to the gate, he was coming toward the street. I took to my heels, and he followed me a little way, but I dodged over the wall, and I saw no more of him. I did not dare to come near the house again, and I stayed in this pasture till I got tired of waiting, and then I came over this way to look for you."

Dunk asked a dozen questions about the person he had seen, but Landy was too prudent to know anything more about the matter.

"It must have been Landy Ridgefield," said Dunk, thoughtfully. "What was he doing out of doors at that time in the night?"

"I don't know; but he must have gone to bed without seeing you or there would have been a big row at the house," suggested Landy. "But you didn't make any fire there, Dunk?"

"Yes, I did, of course I did; I'm not a fellow to back down after I set about anything. It must have gone out before the house got the benefit of it."

"You have got the box and what's in it, and I am glad the house didn't burn, for that would make it all the worse for you and me if we get found out," added Landy, thinking it proper to stir in a moral reflection at this point.

"Nonsense! we shall not get found out. We shall be out to sea by sunrise, and they will not miss the trunk at once. I don't think we are in any danger," replied Dunk. "Come along, and we will get into the

boat, and be on board of the Vulture as soon as possible."

Landy was not ready to go on board of the Vulture, but he walked down the cart path behind Dunk till he came to the river, where his companion got into a boat made fast there.

"I am not ready to go on board yet, Dunk," said Landy.

"What's the reason you are not?" demanded the principal, his suspicions fanned into a new flame.

"I have got some things over here that I hid in a hollow tree, and I want to get them before we sail," added Landy.

"I can see through that!" exclaimed Dunk, in wrathful tones. "You have taken the money from the trunk, and now you are going after it!"

"I haven't taken any money from the trunk, for I could not have opened it without smashing in the cover, as you can see for yourself," pleaded Landy.

"But you are not going to leave me, anyhow," blustered Dunk. "I don't take my eyes off of you till we are out of sight of land, Livy!"

Dunk leaped out of the boat with the trunk in his hand and moved toward Landy, who believed that he was fully equal to the occasion.

"I am going after my things, and if you don't like it you can lump it, Dunk. If you want to follow me, I will take you to Captain Ridgefield's and let him know what you have been about," said Landy, in a decided tone, hoarse as it was.

"Then of course you have stolen the money!" exclaimed Dunk, evidently taken all aback by the threat of his companion. "I didn't think you was mean enough, Livy, to steal all the money when you are to have half of it."

"If you chose to give me half of it," added Landy, with a sneer in his tones. "I know too much to trust you!"

Landy did not deem it advisable to prolong the debate, for it was marvelous that Dunk had not yet detected the identity of his companion for the last half hour, and Landy was perfectly willing he should believe that he had taken the money from the trunk.

Starting off at a brisk pace he walked in the direction of the pasture, giving no further attention to the burglar.

"Hold on, Livy!" shouted Dunk, "we will divide the money now."

Landy quickened his pace, and he was satisfied in a few minutes that the burglar did not intend to follow him, for he could hear no steps behind him.

It seemed to him as though his mission had been fully accomplished, for he had saved the house from burning and retained the valuable contents of the tin trunk. Even if Dunk went off with his father in the Vulture, there would be time enough to have him arrested on his return, for the schooner was only a coaster and did not make long trips.

Landy reached the wall that divided the orchard from the pasture, and there he halted to assure himself that Dunk had not retraced his steps. He could hear nothing in the direction of the river, but he was suddenly struck with the idea that there was some one in the orchard, for he distinctly heard footsteps in that direction.

It might be his father who had come out to look for him when he thought he had been gone long enough, and he leaped over the fence to assure him that he was safe and sound and that his mission had been a success. He walked toward the barn, but he had not taken ten steps before he was satisfied that the person he had heard was off at his right and he changed his course.

"Is that you, Dunky?" called a voice near him, only loud enough for him to hear it.

It did not require a great amount of logic to assure Landy that the speaker was Livy, the confederate of Dunk, who had been driven from the scene two hours before.

"Is that you, Livy?" asked Landy.

The person admitted that he was Livy.

"Where have you been the last two hours?" demanded Landy, in the same hoarse tones he had used before.

"I have been looking for you and waiting for you ever since I saw that fellow near the house," replied Livy, who spoke as though he had not much confidence in his position.

"What fellow?" asked Landy, with a proper show



of contempt for his companion, after the manner of Dunk.

Livy truthfully recited the facts in regard to seeing a person near the driveway, and said he had been so scared that he had run half a mile, and believed the stranger was chasing him.

"Why didn't you come up near the house when you found no one was after you?" demanded Landy.

"I went down to the boat and waited there for you; and when you did not come I got tired and walked about till I got into this orchard over yonder," he added, pointing in the direction of the house next to the captain's.

"Did you see any one after you ran away from the one near the house?"

"I haven't seen a soul but that one," protested Livy.

"Do you know where the schooner is now?" asked Landy, venturing cautiously on unknown ground.

"She is at the wharf, and I saw your father and your mother and your sister go on board of her," replied Livy. "I went down there to see if you hadn't gone on board, as I couldn't find you."

"You didn't find me there?" added Landy, for the want of something better to say.

"No, but I think your father is waiting for you by this time. They had set the foresail and mainsail, and the schooner was all ready to cast off her fasts."

"Did you show yourself to those on board or on the wharf?"

"I did not; I was afraid they would ask me where you were."

"What is your name, Livy?" asked Landy, suddenly changing his tactics.

"My name is Livy Wooster; and I thought you knew my name as well as you know your own," replied the other, apparently very much surprised at the question.

"I did not know it before. Where did you come from?"

"I came from Biddeford, which you know as well as I do."

"When is the Vulture to sail?" asked Landy, sharply.

"You ought to know better than I do," replied Livy, beginning to be bewildered at the strange questions put to him.

"But I don't know, and I want you to tell me," persisted the captain's son, walking up to the other.

"I don't know anything about it except what you told me, Dunky."

"Then what did I tell you?"

"You told me she was to sail on the high tide, about daylight, and I suppose your father told you all about it."

"He did not tell me a thing about it. Where is the schooner bound?"

"You ought to know where she is bound; and not a fellow that shipped in her does know," replied Livy, who began to think something was wrong.

"Not a fellow on board knows where she is bound!" exclaimed Landy, astounded at his reply.

"You know it is so as well as I do," added Livy, who was evidently struggling to fathom the strange conduct of Dunk Wellpool.

"I know nothing at all about it, but I am determined to know all about it before you and I part company," added Landy, in a very decided tone. "Who do you think I am?"

"Who do I think you are? Of course I know who you are; but I haven't any idea what you are driving at. You are Dunky Wellpool, and you broke into that house over there, and you were going to set it on fire when you got what you wanted out of it. What is the reason you did not stir up a blaze there? I have been looking for it for the last two hours, and I thought you couldn't find what you were looking for."

"I am not Dunky Wellpool; and I wouldn't be Dunk for all the money he wanted to steal in that house," protested Landy.

"You are not Dunky Wellpool!" exclaimed Livy, falling back a few paces in his astonishment. "Who in thunder be you then?"

"I am Captain Ridgefield's son."

"You are Captain Ridgefield's son?" gasped Livy.

"That is so. I want you to go up to our house and talk this matter over with my father, who is waiting to see you."

"With your father! Why, he is Captain Ridgefield!" gasped Livy, who could not help being terribly startled at this proposition.

"Captain Ridgefield is the man that wants to see you, for you took a hand in robbing his house and trying to burn it in the small hours of the morning. I suppose you have heard that there is a building called the State prison over in Thomaston. Now I know your name and all about you. The Vulture is to sail at daylight, but I can go into the village and get the constable to arrest you and Dunk before that time. Then both of you will have a good chance to spend several years at Thomaston."

Landy's eloquence was evidently producing an impression on the dumfounded young robber.

"The best thing you can do," he went on, "is to come up to the house with me and make a clean breast of it."

Conscience seemed to make an utter coward of Livy, and he yielded.

"I will go," he sullenly muttered.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE TREASURE ISLAND.

The captain's son moved toward the house, leading his prisoner by the collar with the left hand. Livy was as tame as a spring lamb.

"I couldn't help doing what I did, for Dunk made me do it," he whined, as he moved slowly toward the house.

"He offered to give you half the money in the trunk if he got it," added Landy.

"But I didn't believe he would give me any of it after we got to sea. All he wanted me to do was to stand outside of the house."

"Did he tell you what to do if you saw any one?"

"He didn't tell me to do a thing."

"And you ran away as soon as you saw me?"

"That is just what I did; and I am sorry now that I did not go on board of the schooner and turn in, instead of waiting half the night for him."

But Landy did not care to examine his prisoner at length till he got him into the house, where his father could take part in the inquiry, and they made the rest of the way in silence.

Landy took his prize to the front door, for there was still a light in the office; and as the door had been locked after him, he knocked and entered as silently as he could, conducting his prisoner into the presence of his father.

"What have you got there, Landy?" asked Captain Ridgefield, when they reached the office and he had looked over the prisoner.

"This is the fellow who kept guard outside of the house while Dunk Wellpool came in and broke open the desk, and kindled the fire," replied Landy, as he closed and locked the door behind him.

"Dunk Wellpool!" exclaimed the captain, as he dropped into his arm-chair. "Then I begin to understand something about this business. I wonder if his father sent him here."

"That is more than I know; and this fellow doesn't seem to know much about the business in which he has been engaged," replied Landy. "He shipped in the Vulture; but he says he doesn't know where she is bound."

Without waiting for any questions from his father, Landy related all that had occurred from the time he waked at about two o'clock in the morning to the moment of his return with the prisoner.

When he related his conversation with Dunk, the captain was very much amused, and possibly he thought his son had talents whose existence he had not before suspected.

"The Vulture was to sail this morning, was she, young man?" asked Captain Ridgefield, turning to the prisoner.

"That is what they said," replied Livy. "I don't know anything about it."

"Where is she bound?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the culprit; and he appeared willing to answer if he could. "No one but the captain knows where she is bound, and he was not to tell us for a week."

"Then you shipped without knowing where you were bound?" repeated the captain.

"Four men, beside the mate, shipped, and not one of them knows where the vessel is bound."

"Four men and a mate shipped?" exclaimed Captain Ridgefield. "That is a large crew for the Vulture. How long were you to be gone on this voyage?"



"Not less than a year, and it might be two years. The vessel is to make a lot of money, and all the hands were to have a share of it besides their wages. The captain was to tell us where we were bound after we had been at sea a week; and if we didn't like the voyage, he promised to put us ashore where we could get home."

"The Vulture was to be gone at least a year?" mused the captain.

"She is provisioned for a year, and took in a great lot of stores at Portland, where I shipped."

"And you have no idea where the schooner is going?"

"I heard Lord Percy, the cook, tell Lon Packwood that she was going round Cape Horn; but I don't know whether it is true or not," replied Livy.

"I think she is going round Cape Horn," added Captain Ridgefield, with a significant look at his son.

"Do you think she is going to that island, father?" asked Landy.

"I have no doubt of it. I have a concession, as they call it, or a grant, of the Island of Isora, and I am almost sure there is a vast treasure buried on it, to say nothing of the richest vein of silver ever discovered, and the pearl fishery there, all of which lie dead and dormant on account of the savage Indians on another island near it."

"There was a big lot of picks and shovels put on board of the Vulture at Portland," interposed Livy. "The hands on board were to do any kind of work the captain wanted them to do."

Landy wondered that his father spoke of the Treasure Island in the presence of the prisoner; but if any one knew of its existence, the three hundred savage Indian giants on the neighboring island were like so many fiery dragons keeping vigil over it, and no one without a large capital and an army of men would have thought of attempting to obtain possession of the treasure.

"Were any great guns, any cannon, put into the hold of the Vulture at Portland?" asked the captain.

"Nothing of that kind; but I saw some guns in the cabin," replied Livy.

Landy knew something about the Island of Isora and the treasure it was supposed to contain, for Captain Ridgefield had already made his arrangements to acquire a fortune by obtaining the wealth on the island.

In their younger days Stacy Ridgefield and Bildad Wellpool had been shipmates in a bark that was gathering hides and other cargo on the shores of the Pacific and extended the trip into the Gulf of California, where they had landed on the Island of Isora with a water party.

The island was a terrestrial paradise, and even then

Ridgefield thought he could be happy as a resident of such a beautiful region.

Through a native of another island, the two friends, as they were then, had obtained information in regard to the riches of the island; and they had agreed to come there when they had the means and gather in the treasure.

Twenty-five years had passed, and both of them had become masters of large coasters; but unfortunately, Captain Ridgefield had incurred the enmity of his shipmate before they had the capital to carry out the enterprise, for he made money faster than Captain Wellpool.

The captain of the Albatross had obtained at great expense and trouble the concession for the island; and the important paper was in that tin trunk, with a bottomry bond for five thousand dollars, which had never been paid, on the Vulture, given for a loan obtained in the Cuban port of Cardenas.

"This looks like a trick on the part of Wellpool," said Captain Ridgefield. "He is trying to get away without my knowledge and get possession of Isora. This will never do. Go down to the wharf Landy and let me know as soon as possible what Wellpool is about. I will take care of this young fellow while you are gone."

When Landy reached the wharf the sun was well up but the Vulture was not in sight; and the captain's son walked to the top of a hill which commanded a view of the ocean.

At least three miles from the shore he saw the Vulture with all sail set, headed to the southward; and she must have sailed at least an hour before.

"That settles it," said the captain when Landy reported to his father. "Wellpool means to cheat me out of five thousand dollars he owes me and I have no doubt he believes he has the concession of the island on board of his vessel, for I doubt if they have had time to break open the trunk."

"I wish I had understood what they were about sooner," said Landy.

"You have done wonders already my son; and if it had not been for you the concession and the money would have been lost. All we have to do now is to hurry up and get off as soon as we can in the Albatross; and it will be a race from Channel-port between the two schooners to see which gets to Isora first."

"I wonder if Captain Wellpool sent Dunk to steal the trunk and burn your house, father?" said Landy.

"I don't know; but Dunk shall repent in the State prison and I shall take possession of the Vulture as soon as I can," replied the captain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## LAND ON YOUR FEET.

You take a cat up by the tail,  
And whirl him round and round,  
And hurl him out into the air,  
Out into space profound.  
He though the yielding atmosphere  
Will many a whirl complete;  
But when he strikes upon the ground  
He'll land upon his feet.

Fate takes a man, just like a cat,  
And, with more force than grace,  
It whirls him wriggling round and round,  
And hurls him into space;  
And those that fall upon the back,  
Or land upon the head,  
Fate lets them lie there where they fall—  
They're just as good as dead.

But some there be that, like the cat,  
Whirl round and round and round,  
And go gyrating off through space,  
Untill they strike the ground:

But when at last the ground and they  
Do really come to meet,  
You'll always find them right side up—  
They land upon their feet.

And such a man walks off erect,  
Triumphant and elate,  
And with a courage in his heart  
He shakes his fist at fate;  
Then fate with a benignant smile  
Upon its face outspread,  
Puts forth a soft, caressing hand  
And pats him on the head.

And he's fate's darling from that day,  
His triumph is complete;  
Fate loves the man who whirls and whirls,  
But lands upon his feet.  
That man, whate'er his ups and downs,  
Is never wholly spurned,  
Whose perpendicularity  
Is never overturned. —Sam Walter Foss.



# EDITORIAL CHAT

## AND CORRESPONDENCE.

There were five bright young readers who found their Christmas pleasures increased by the five dollar prizes awarded in the recent "Criticism Contest." Agreeable to our promise, we sent to the successful competitors, whose names are given in another column our checks in time for the Xmas holidays. We feel assured that in each case the addition to their spending money was fully appreciated.

The details of a new contest will be given in the next number of Army and Navy. Those of our readers who were unsuccessful in previous competitions are cordially invited to try again. "All things come to him who waits," and "The result of perseverance is success," are two homely proverbs which it would be well to bear in mind.

Readers who like bright, snappy stories full of life and incident will be pleased with Arthur Lee Putnam's serial, the opening chapters of which will be published in the next number. The title, "A Diamond in the Rough; or, How Rufus Rodman Won Success," is peculiarly happy. Rufus Rodman proves himself to be a "diamond in the rough," and one capable of receiving a polish. The story deals with life in New York City as it really is, and shows just what a clever American boy can accomplish when he is given an opportunity.

The editor wishes to thank his young friends for the many cordial letters sent him. It is certainly gratifying to receive such spontaneous evidences of interest in Army and Navy. It is to be regretted that lack of time will not permit of a personal reply to each.

"Young American," Pittsburg, Pa.—You can obtain full information by writing to the Secretary of War. A series of special articles giving the rules governing admission into West Point and Annapolis can be found in Army and Navy Nos. 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23.

E. L. W. M., New York.—Fifty-two numbers constitute one volume of Army and Navy. It is not necessary to wait until the end of a volume to subscribe.

"Mr. E. E.," Elmwood, N. H.—The price for type-writing is about ten cents a folio, or page of ordinary size.

B. B., Bloomfield, N. J.—The Secretary of War.

B. A. T., Saginaw, Mich.—1. We are not in favor of a club department. 2. That question can only be answered by a competent physician.

E. G., New York City.—The series to which you refer may be reprinted in the future.

G. B. S., Beaver Falls, Pa.—1. An electrician is paid according to his worth and knowledge. The amount runs from \$25 to \$75 weekly. 2. Write to the American News Co., New York city, for catalogue, or see a local book seller. 3. Electrical engineering is taught in all scientific schools.

E. F. H., Bradford, Pa.—Consult any teacher. We do not know of any publication giving the desired instructions.

"Kalamazoo," Pittsburg, Pa.—1. The enlisted forces of the United States navy are limited by law. The number of men must be kept within this limit, therefore enlistments stop when the quota is complete. The question of increasing the number is now being agitated, and it is probable the present Congress will pass a bill leading to that end. 2. Badly decayed teeth is a cause for rejection.

Martin, New York City.—Write to the surgeon of the Receiving Ship Vermont.

A. E. G., Jackson, Mich.—Full information can be obtained by addressing the Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

J. B. D., Waring, Texas.—We regret our inability to answer your questions. All schedules are subject to change and it would be manifestly impossible to supply the desired information.

S. O. S., Meriden, Conn.—A paper like that you have under consideration should prove successful. It will pay you to read the "Amateur Journalism" department in Army and Navy.

U. T. K., Utica, N. Y.—1. The consent of a parent or guardian is not necessary in shipping as a landsman in the navy. 2. Landsmen do the ordinary work of a ship, sweeping, cleaning, etc., and are supposed to learn the duties of a seaman. 3. Ship's printers are first enlisted as landsmen and then appointed by the captain. 4. The term of service is three years, but the appointment of printer is made for the cruise.

B. L., Matamoras, Pa.—A story by Horatio Alger, Jr., will appear shortly.

"A Reader," Atlanta, Ga.—1. We agree with your opinion regarding the author named. He has no peer in this country. 2. You should be able to judge as to the advisability of studying law. It is an excellent profession. The subject has been treated at length in these columns.

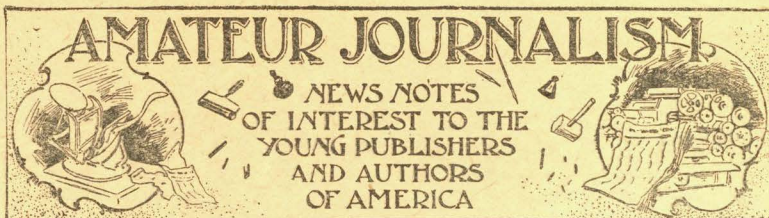
F. P., Pittsburg, Pa.—1. It will be better for you to work out the problems yourself. If you cannot solve them it would be impossible for you to pass the examination. 2. Ask a local bookseller to secure a copy of E. S. Farrow's "West Point and the Military Academy."

W. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—Write to the congressman of your district, or the Secretary of the Navy.

J. H. M., Elizabethtown, N. M.—Your brother's subscription expires with No. 29, January 1, 1898.

Arthur Sewall





## EDITOR'S TABLE.

The prize offered for the best short story written by an amateur has resulted in the submission of a large number of manuscripts. They are now being read and the result will be announced in the next issue of Army and Navy.

The Christmas number of "The Amateur" in a bright, attractive cover, has been received. The publisher, John P. Miller, has the happy knack of filling his paper with a wealth of interesting news items. The leading feature is a clever sketch by Thomas McKee entitled "A Christmas Adventure." The editorials and departments are above the standard.

The Amateur Press Club of New York city is receiving every encouragement in its efforts to win a high place in the 'dom. The weekly meetings are well attended and much enthusiasm is manifested. The membership list is steadily growing. An amendment to the constitution was carried recently, providing for the admission of out-of-town members living near enough to attend the meetings.

Messrs. W. H. Greenfield and C. R. Fargo, members of the U. A. P. A., announce a new paper to be known as the "Amateur Printer-Journalist." The young editors intend to make their sheet the finest in its field, both in a literary and in a typographical way. The "American Printer-Journalist" will appear early in January, 1898, and will be devoted to critical and descriptive articles tending to the improvement of the craft. Sample copies of the January number can be had by addressing O. R. Fargo, No. 4110 Kendrick block, St. Paul.

At Prince Albert, a remote but busy village in the Canadian Northwest, a weekly newspaper is, or recently was, regularly published in the handwriting of its proprietor, editor, reporter, advertising agent and printer, the five being one man. He adorned his lively four-page sheet with caricatures rudely copied from comic papers, and decorated his horse and stock advertisements with rough cuts.

The paper appeared in purple ink from a gelatine copying press, or hektograph, and its editorials and local news were usually so clearly presented that the little journal was influential in the territories, read with avidity in the newspaper offices of eastern Canada, and constantly quoted as an authority.

The most northerly of newspapers is said to be the Nord Kap, published weekly in Hammerfest, Norway, by Peter Johansen, who lives and works in a little turf-roofed house. The Nord Kap is, however, regularly printed from news received by a ship which touches at Hammerfest but once in eight days.

But, perhaps, the most curious paper of all is that which was formerly published in the Deccan. This paper was lithographed every morning on a square of white cotton cloth. After having perused it the subscribers sent it to the local washerwoman. She returned it, a clean square of white cotton, to the publisher, who duly lithographed and issued the same sheets again and again.

## Amateur Journalism.

(The following article, by Mr. Holmes S. Kimball of Jackson, Mich., a well-known amateur journalist, was

submitted in the "Amateur Journalism Contest" recently concluded. It will readily be seen that Mr. Kimble writes from personal experience. His article is commended to the notice of ambitious young publishers.)

A Christmas or birthday gift of a small printing press and a font of type eventually leads its youthful owner to the publishing of a little newspaper. With this press he only endeavors to do small jobs. Some one gives him an order for a hundred cards; someone else an order for a pack of printed envelopes, etc. Thus he is encouraged in his new employment and it is not long before he has a large press and a better assortment of type. This new acquirement opens up a new field for larger work and an increase of profits.

The next step is the publication of a small sheet, and there is not a prouder boy than the editor of that paper. He has read, no doubt, of others who are doing what Thomas A. Edison did when he was a boy.

As to the size I prefer for my paper—"The News-boy,"—the same dimension as the "Army and Navy." This form is neither too large nor too small—it is convenient to handle.

I have adopted these rules for composing:

1. Always leave the news items until the last.
2. Never waste any time that could be put in profitably setting type on some article that would otherwise be left out.
3. Always lead the editorials.
4. Use brevity on all general reading matter.
5. Have proof read by two different persons.
6. Use a plain heading.

Before this I did my own composing and hired the press work done outside, but now I have a press large enough to print my paper. I used to pay out every week \$1.50 for 1,000 impressions (both sides of 500 sheets), but now it only amounts to the cost of the paper—30 cents for 500 sheets of newspaper—enough for four pages.

I paid \$12 for my press. It cost when new \$35, but I was enabled to get it for less than half price, it being second hand. The press is worked by hand and prints a 7x13 form. The value of the type in my office is worth about \$15. Of course you might get along with \$10 worth and that would go to the purchase of furniture, leads, slugs, shooting stick and quoins, etc.

To make your paper interesting is the one essential point, and nothing will do that more than the publication of articles written by boys and girls who are known personally to your readers. If a boy is told that his friend will have an article in your next issue, he will be sure to buy that issue, and then if he likes the paper he will no doubt subscribe. That is the best way to secure subscribers—put your paper, at every chance, before those who would be apt to take it. Do not ever distribute generally a lot of sample copies—make every one go to the right place.

There is no chance to make the advertising department really pay unless your paper has a hustling subscription list. When you mention the subject to a merchant it depends greatly upon what he knows of your paper whether you are favorably received. If he has heard different people talking about it—for example, if he hears a lady say that it is a bright little paper; and then some one else in another part makes some other remark, he is convinced that the paper is pretty generally circulated and you are apt to get an advertisement.

I publish my paper weekly and think it best. You are better able to keep up an interest in your paper if they receive it every week at a regular time. It is just as well to divide up the heavy monthly issue and make four weekly ones.



## ITEMS OF INTEREST

### All the World Over.

#### Takes Time to Say.

Welsh names are proverbially of a tongue-tying tendency, but perhaps the palm may be given to the following, which casually occurred in a conversation between a native lad and a visitor in a Welsh village. The visitor inquired:

"What is the name of your little cottage, my boy?"

Welsh Boy—"Lletylliflyfowy, sir."

"Oh! And are your parents living?"

"Yes, sir; but my father works at Chwarel Caebrachycafn."

"Well, well! any brothers?"

"Yes; three, sir; one at Rhosllanerchrugog, one at Llanenddwynnewnllandwywe, and one lives between Penmaenmawr and Llanfairfechan."

"It's growing worse, I see. How many sisters?"

"Only two, sir. One is with my aunt at Llanfairmathafarneithaf."

"My word, what a name! And the other?"

"Oh, she is in service, sir, at Llanfairpwllgwyngyll-gogerychwyrndrobwlgergogerbwlgerlandysiliogogoch—this agreeable name signifying: "Llanfair," St. Mary near; "Pwll Gwyngyll," White Hazel Pond; "Goger," near, "Y Chwyrn Drobwl," the whirlpool; "Dysilio," saint; "Ogof," cavern, "Gogo Goch," ancient hermit.

#### The White Feather.

Several explanations have been given of the manner in which the expression "showing the white feather" originated, but only two are in any way satisfactory.

One is, that among several tribes of Indians a white feather is the symbol of peace.

During the Indian massacres which attended the Revolutionary War three families of Quakers residing on the borders of Pennsylvania were saved by friendly Indians placing a bunch of white feathers over the door, and the symbol being seen by the hostiles, not one of the households so protected was in any way unmolested, though their neighbors on every side were mercilessly butchered.

The other, and more probable, explanation lies in the fact that no game cock of pure breed has a white feather, and the appearance of such in its plumage is regarded as the evidence of cross-breeding and consequent degeneration.

#### Expelling the Evil Spirits.

When a child in Patagonia is ill, a messenger is despatched for the doctor, and never leaves him until he comes. As soon as the doctor arrives he looks at the child, and then, with much ceremony, rolls it up in a piece of skin. He then orders a clay plaster, and by this time the child has ceased crying, soothed by the warmth of the skin, and so renders still more solid his reputation as a wise man. Yellow clay is brought and made into a thick cream with water, and the child is painted from head to foot, causing him to cry again.

"The evil spirit is still there," says the doctor sagely, and undoes two mysterious packages he carries: one containing some sinews and the other a rattle made of stones in a gourd decorated with feathers. He then fingers the sinews, muttering something for a few minutes; then he seizes the rattle and shakes it violently, staring very hard at the crying child, which is wrapped in the skin again, when it ceases crying.

Again it is painted, rattled at, and stared at, and again it cries. This is done four times, and the cure is considered complete. The doctor leaves the child quiet, enfolded in the warm skin, and goes his way, having received two pipefuls of tobacco as his fee.

Strange to say, the child generally recovers, but if it does not the doctor gets out of the difficulty by declaring that the parents did not keep the medicine skin tightly round the child, and so let the evil spirit get back again.

This is the only treatment that children in Patagonia, however ill, are ever known to receive.

## Result of Criticism Contest.

The criticisms submitted by the following competitors in the prize contest recently concluded in Army and Navy have been adjudged the best, and the prizes, five five-dollar gold pieces, were sent to their addresses during Christmas week.

#### THE PRIZE WINNERS.

J. Ira Thomas,

Philipsburg, Center Co., Pa.

Charles Raymond, care F. E. Brown,

Standard Oil Co., St. Paul, Minn.

S. O. Swafford,

Box 273, Mitchell, Indiana.

Philip F. McCord,

No. 4 Thompson Place, East Liverpool, O.

William Avery,

Kinderhook, Columbia Co., New York.

#### Especial Mention.

Arthur Anderson, Chester, Pa.

William G. Holmes, Indianapolis, Ind.

N. W. Wood, San Francisco, Cal.

William S. Blake, Providence, R. I.

Wm. Breitenstein, Jr., Dayton, Ky.

Winn Davidson, San Francisco, Cal.

B. A. MacKinnon, Roxbury, Mass.

Vincent Landon, Champaign, Ill.

A. C. Cron, Fauquier Springs, Va.

William Gillies, Hamilton, Canada.

Thomas Freeman, Baltimore, Md.

Joseph P. Goodwin, Denver, Col.

Henry H. Wright, Burlington, Iowa.

Albert W. Parks, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Frank R. Clark, Boston, Mass.

A. A. Frazier, Elkhart, Ind.

William H. Smith, Portland, Me.

Charles A. Woodhull, Pensacola, Fla.

Morris Duffy, Albany, N. Y.

John B. Stanton, Philadelphia, Pa.

George P. Lloyd, Milwaukee, Wis.

Albert W. Chambers, Norfolk, Va.

Harry Clarke, San Antonio, Tex.

Samuel B. Spear, Newark, N. J.

George H. Ring, New Haven, Conn.

J. A. Colby, Cincinnati, O.

Edward Billings, Peoria, Ill.

J. P. Harris, Chicago, Ill.

Daniel C. Wheeler, Detroit, Mich.

Ray Dunbar, New York City.



## OUR JOKE DEPARTMENT.

### Slow Torture.

Teacher—"In China criminals are frequently sentenced to be kept awake until insanity and death results. Now how do you suppose they keep them from falling asleep?"

Little Girl (eldest of a small family)—"I guess they gives 'em a baby to take care of."

### Better than Thanks.

Mamma—"Did you thank Mr. Nicefello when he gave you that silver dollar?"

Little Boy—"Yes'm—that is, sorter."

Mamma—"What did you say?"

Little Boy—"I tole him nex' time he kissed Sis I wouldn't tell."

### Selfish Parents.

Small Boy—"Mamma, when will there be another war?"

Mamma—"Never, I hope."

Small Boy—"Huh! You and papa saw a great big war when you was young, an' now you don't care whether us childrens has any fun or not."

### A Poor Nurse.

Mamma—"What is the matter with my little pet?"

Little Pet—"Nurse is so ugly, she won't do a sing to 'muse us. We jes' asked her to make a toboggan slide, an' she won't."

"But what could she make a toboggan slide of, my dear?"

"Zat big mirror."

### One on the Teacher.

Teacher—"Your answer to the problem about two men building a fence calls for six days too much."

Bright Boy—"Six of the days was Sundays, an' they don't count."

### Coming to Pieces.

There are very few practical jokes which injure no one, and therefore it behooves us, when we come across those of a harmless variety, to take our fill of amusement over them, since there are so many at which no one ought to laugh.

A certain practical joker once beguiled the time on a railway journey by stuffing his glove with his handkerchief until it reached the proportions of a plump hand.

He then arranged it in the front of his coat so that it should appear to be one of his own limbs, and placed his ticket between its fingers. The train stopped, and the usual cry, "All tickets ready!" was heard.

"Tickets please," said a guard, opening the door of the carriage.

"Take mine," said the joker, and as the man did so, he took the hand with it.

"The guard was a robust person," said the gentleman, in telling his story; "but he staggered back in a faint, and called feebly for smelling salts."

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 320 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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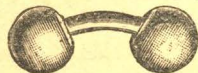
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